

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume LXVII. }

No. 2361. — September 28, 1889.

{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CLXXXII.

## CONTENTS.

I. MATTHEW ARNOLD. By Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, . . . . .	<i>New Review</i> , . . . . .	771
II. ONLY A JOKE, . . . . .	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	783
III. ROGER BACON, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . . . .	789
IV. THE MINISTER OF KINDRACH, . . . . .	<i>Murray's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	794
V. A GLIMPSE INTO A JESUIT NOVITIATE, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	805
VI. THE COTTAGER AT HOME, . . . . .	<i>Murray's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	815
VII. EMERSON IN CONCORD, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review</i> , . . . . .	821
VIII. THE WHITE COMYN: AN OLD TRAGEDY, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	823
*.* Title and Index to Volume CLXXXII.		

## POETRY.

ANGEL HERALDS OF THE CHRIST, . . . . .	770	THE DIAL'S SHADOW, . . . . .	770
TWILIGHT, . . . . .	770	THE HUT OF THE BLACK SWAMP, . . . . .	770
A DAY IN JUNE, . . . . .	770		

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## ANGEL HERALDS OF THE CHRIST.

O LOVELY voices of the sky,  
That hymned the Saviour's birth!  
Are ye not singing still on high,  
Ye that sang "Peace on earth"?  
To us yet speak the strains  
Wherewith in days gone by  
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,  
O voices of the sky!

O clear and shining light, whose beams  
A heavenly glory shed  
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,  
And on the shepherd's head!  
Be near through life and death,  
As in that holiest night  
Of hope, and joy, and faith,  
O clear and shining light!

O star which led to Him, whose love  
Brought hope and mercy free!  
Where art thou? 'Mid the host above  
May we still gaze on thee?  
In Heaven thou art not set,  
Thy rays earth might not dim;  
Send them to guide us yet,  
O star which led to him!

FELICIA HEMANS.

## TWILIGHT.

THROUGH the black arch of interlacing trees  
Burns the red sunset, and a blue mist lies  
Cold on the darkening meadows, whence  
arise

Faint dewy odors as the evening breeze  
Sweeps o'er the sombre grasses of the leas,  
And in the gloom of leafy branches dies;  
Waking to being as the daylight flies  
An adumbration of dim memories.  
Ah! the enchanted realms that used to be  
In the wide reaches of our childhood's sky,  
Vague, lonely, far, immeasurably high,  
In the mysterious fields of infancy,  
Beyond whose ultimate verge we could  
descry

The brooding shadow of infinity!

Chambers' Journal. MARY GEOGHEGAN.

## A DAY IN JUNE.

THAT day in June, where the river swept,  
Where the tall ferns grew, and the mosses  
crept,

Where the skylark sang in the cloudless blue,  
And the butterflies danced for me and you;  
And we whispered sweet words to the rhythmic  
tune

The waterfall sang us, that day in June.

The pale wild roses climbed and clung  
Where the woodbine wreaths from the thicket  
sprung;

You twined a coronal, dainty and fair,  
And placed it upon my clustered hair,  
And wooed for a kiss as the crowning boon  
Of the lovers' trysting, that day in June.

Now, the snow drifts deep by the blasted oak;  
Where the skylarks sang, the ravens croak;  
The stream runs sullenly on to the sea,  
It rolls in its currents a dead rose-tree;  
And the fair, false vows, once set to its tune,  
Were sooner forgot than that day in June.

All The Year Round.

## THE DIAL'S SHADOW.

Go, Cupid; say to her I love  
That roses fall and time is fleeting.  
I watch the dial's shadow move,  
And wait — and wait — to give her greeting.  
For youth is sunshine on the dial,  
And love is but an old, old story;  
The years may dance with lute and viol —  
The shadow moves — so ends their glory!

Go, Cupid, beckon with your wing,  
That sweetest chance may waft her hither;  
For we must woo, remembering  
How fast the roses fall and wither.  
And oft the dial long ago,  
The pavement sunk with mossy edges,  
Saw Youth and Love meet all aglow,  
And whisper by the old yew-hedges.

Go, Cupid, tell the maid I prize  
How many in the courtyard wandered,  
What laughing lips and witching eyes,  
In love's delight their beauty squandered!  
The ruffs, brocade, and buckled shoes,  
How softly down the paths they pattered  
With gallants gay in old-world hues,  
When crowns and kingdoms little mattered.

Go, Cupid, sleep; your cheek is pale;  
And we can woo among the sages;  
Romance is but a weary tale  
Monotonous from all the ages.

My heart! She comes from yonder door;  
And time and shadows flit forever;  
Why, there was never youth before,  
And love like ours, oh, never — never!

Chambers' Journal.

## THE HUT OF THE BLACK SWAMP.

The following lines, full of force and feeling, are  
from "Leaves from an Australian Forest," by Henry  
Kendall, the Australian poet: —

ACROSS this hut the nettle runs,  
And livid adders make their lair  
In corners dank from lack of suns;  
And out of fetid furrows stare  
The growths that scare.

Here, Summer's grasp of fire is laid  
On bark and slabs that rot and breed  
Squat ugly things of deadly shade;  
The scorpion, and the spiteful seed  
Of centipede.

Unhallowed thunders, harsh and dry  
And flaming noontides mute with heat,  
Beneath the breathless brazen sky,  
Upon these rifted rafters beat  
With torrid feet.

From The New Review.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BY LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

## PART I.

AT a dinner in the Inner Temple Hall which has become historical, Sir Charles Wetherell told Lord Lyndhurst that he must not suppose, because he had ceased to be lord chancellor for the third time, that he could contemplate the end of his life with equanimity and in peace; for that beside him sat his noble and biographical friend, Lord Campbell, who had added a new terror to death. Death does not need new terrors; life does not need fresh melancholy; but to live long is to survive our friends, and to write about them is to bring back the memory of delights which can recur no more, and to look from the western sky into the east behind us which seems cold and grey now that the light of the sun has forsaken it. Three times now in the space of little more than a year has it fallen to my lot to try to record something of three lifelong friends, Northcote, Shairp, and Arnold, whose lives made the world happier and better, and by whose deaths many a home is sadder, and the world itself is poorer. Do what one will, therefore, it must be a melancholy business, and any one who wants amusement had better read no further, but pass on to the next paper.

The time has not arrived when a life of Matthew Arnold can be written. He himself wished that it never should. At any rate it will not be attempted here; nor even any complete estimate of the various powers, the rare, delicate, and refined genius, whether displayed in poetry, criticism, or philosophy, which were the outward adornment of a heart as warm, a nature as simple, a whole character as noble, as I have ever known. "Every fine thing is unique," said Constable speaking of pictures; perhaps one might slightly deflect the phrase, and say that any man unique, as Matthew Arnold, can hardly fail of being admirable too. A man, however, so remarkable, if he is to be portrayed at all, can be so only by a first-rate portrait-painter.

The eldest son of a great man, he en-

joyed no doubt certain advantages in his early training. He came to the school, where we were together before we went to our respective public schools, a little fellow full of cleverness, and I do not say forced, but certainly unusually forward. To say by heart, for example, whole pages of Burke's speech on the nabob of Arcot's debts, and to say them with real intelligence and appreciation, was certainly out of the common way in a boy of no more than seven or eight years old; and I do not doubt that to the constant intercourse with his father, and to the example of moral and religious earnestness which his father constantly presented, was owing to some extent that unbending sense of duty, that unvarying steady teaching of the value and importance of conduct, that high standard of life and morals, which is to be found in every line he ever wrote. On such things his judgment is always sound, there is no paltering with vice because those who practise it stand high in the world or are rich in mental gifts.

It may well be, it probably was, that in these things, things undoubtedly of the first importance, his early home training influenced him for life, and influenced him for good. It is not so certain that it was in all ways beneficial. Readers of Dr. Arnold's letters, in Dean Stanley's life, will readily believe that he did not cordially recognize the genius of his son, that of the humor and delightful persiflage of the son the father was not a very genial judge; that there was between them that "imperfect sympathy" which Charles Lamb has so delicately described, the fertile source of misunderstanding, the ground for much mistaken judgment. Stories are told, not to be repeated here, of the austere literalness with which Dr. Arnold restrained the lively sallies of his son, showing that he could not see, and if he had seen that he would not have approved of, those traits which were in truth but the clothing, to those who knew them well the charming and attractive clothing, of a noble, sincere, and most affectionate nature. In trouble, from which Dr. Arnold was not exempt, he found out the sterling worth of his son; and before his death the great though somewhat stern

man did justice to one who his whole life long honored the memory of his father with the undeviating and hearty loyalty of a devoted son.

The training of Dr. Arnold, most valuable at that period of our public-school education, produced a type of boy who took all things in earnest, referred all things to first principles, looked down with complacent superiority upon the "young barbarians all at play" who surrounded him from other schools, was terribly self-conscious and impressed with the duty of displaying the advantages of a Rugby education, and had, as his enemies said, the faintest indications of a tendency to be a prig. It may, with the utmost possible respect, be doubted whether the grim prose and want of humor in Dr. Arnold were qualities best fitted to deal with such a nature as his son's, to draw out and inform its noblest gifts, and to correct its defects, if defects it had. Anything less like the received type of Rugby boy than Matthew Arnold when he came to Oxford it would be difficult to imagine, and in him the child was father of the man; in all essentials he remained unchanged till he was lost to us a year ago.

It is so recently that I tried to put before the readers of one of our monthly magazines in some feeble outline the influences which were at work at Oxford and in Balliol when Matthew Arnold was one of the scholars (for he was a very close contemporary of John Campbell Shairp), that I will not reattempt it here. It is enough to say that the influences were the same, and that they acted upon his receptive nature with even less resistance than on Shairp's. Perhaps his father's hearty veneration for Wordsworth, their near neighborhood in Westmoreland, and consequent personal intimacy, rendered him more accessible to the influence of Wordsworth's poetry; while Dr. Arnold's personal controversy with Cardinal Newman, and his extreme dislike to Newman's teaching, made his son less open to that great influence than he might otherwise have been. But he brought from Oxford a refined scholarship, a love of Greek and Latin literature, and especially an admiration for Aristotle and Bishop Butler, which

remained with him to the end, and of which the constant references to Aristotle and the careful paper on Bishop Butler were, to those who knew him, by no means the clearest and strongest proofs. His career at Oxford, though distinguished (a good degree, a prize, an Oriel fellowship), was no wonder of university brilliancy. But he was felt to be capable of more than he achieved, and was well known for the gay courage with which he even then avowed opinions however unpopular, and clothed in jest and banter convictions which were neither light nor transient. The readers of his poetry do not need to be told with what tender fidelity he cherished the affections and the memories of those youthful days. His father and his brother are commemorated in verses which will not die; and if "Thyrsis" cannot stand by the side of "Lycidas" (in its own way, in spite of Dr. Johnson, what poem can?), at least Arnold had in Arthur Clough a friend such as no trifter could have possessed, and a subject which fills his elegy with a great and pathetic personality, wanting to Milton's glorious verses, of which Mr. King was but the occasion.

Soon after his course at Oxford came to an end, he became secretary to the second Marquis of Lansdowne, who was at that time president of the Council; and after a short service in that capacity, he was appointed by Lord Lansdowne inspector of Nonconformist schools; a post which he held till within a short time of his death, and the duties of which he performed, not perfunctorily, not even with such regularity as perfectly to satisfy the requirements of his office, but with a zeal, conscientiousness, and ability, which extorted praise from even unfavorable judges, and showed that strong and abiding sense of duty by which, as I have said, every action of his life was guided. It was not a post naturally congenial to him, but he filled it as if it were; and he became a real and great authority on matters of education, his reports (very wisely collected, and in substance republished) being not only excellent pieces of literary composition (that was a matter of course), but full of facts well arranged and attrac-



tively presented, and of pregnant suggestions, some of which have already borne fruit, and some will bear it in the not distant future. There were many things in the system he had to administer of which he has recorded his disapproval; but he recognized the duty of a subordinate to obey orders, and he made the best of the system, while never disguising his opinion that it might be made much better by those who had authority to make it.

Few things, I have been told, were more interesting, few more delightful, than to see Matthew Arnold inspecting a school of little children. They soon got over their fear of him, and he seemed to rejoice in bringing out what they knew by questions kindly and genial, but searching, too; helping the stupid and encouraging the modest, while without satire or sarcasm he repressed and silenced the conceited and the vain. I never saw this, and repeat only what I have heard; but nothing more touched him, and nothing was in itself more touching, than the address which was presented to him on his retirement from office by the teachers of both sexes whose schools he had so long inspected, whose work he had known and helped, and whose reverential gratitude towards himself was the best repayment he received for the faithful discharge of a difficult and thankless office.

On his appointment to it he was married to the lady who survives to mourn him, but beyond the simplest record of the fact there must here be silence. Those admitted to the intimacy of that home will, if they were worthy of it, hold their peace as to all that made up its strange and peculiar charm. This much perhaps may be permitted. He lived for some years in London and at Harrow; but for many years before his death the outward conditions of his life were for a man like him almost perfect. His house beautifully situated on the banks of the Mole (to which his lawn sloped down, with a noble ailanthus about a hundred and fifty years old guarding and adorning but not overshadowing it), not large indeed, but with rooms sufficient to contain his choice books and for the select and refined hospitality to which it was a privilege to be

admitted; his small fields, his bright garden, his little coppice sacred to the graves of Geist and other favorites; the view across the Mole of the upland sweep of Pain's Hill crowned with the magnificent and memorable cedars celebrated by Horace Walpole: all these things made a fit setting for the genius they enshrined, and, to use Mr. Hallam's language, "finely touched the sympathies of the soul with outward nature." And if it is added that those who lived in the house were worthy of its master, and loved him as he loved them, as much has been said as it is becoming to set down.

During the whole of his life, almost from the time he left Oxford up to the time of his death, Mr. Arnold, in such intervals as his official work left him, was a constant though not a voluminous writer both in verse and prose; admirable in literary form as his prose is (his style indeed grew steadily with his years in power and beauty), and valuable to us of this day as is much of the thought and criticism contained in his prose compositions, it is to his poems we must look to secure him a place among the immortals. Nothing lives but literary excellence, and even literary excellence cannot survive the decays of time if it has been expended upon subjects either in themselves not of the highest importance, or, although important, of temporary interest and importance only.

Mr. Arnold did not become acquainted with Lord Bolingbroke's works till late in life and on the recommendation of a friend; and though he was fascinated, as every one is who reads them, by their faultless style, he observed that the general neglect of Lord Bolingbroke as an author is to be explained by the temporary and partisan subjects on which he employed his splendid powers. *Materiem superabat opus*. In criticism, in politics, in theology, each age has its own masters, its own tone of thought, its own point of view; in a word, its own spirit. Men do not greatly care for, do not really read, authors on those subjects of a bygone age whom time has antiquated or superseded, and on whose shoulders, perhaps gigantic, their successors, perhaps pygmies, are

lifted to views wider and higher, and carried forward to conclusions which but for such aid they would have never reached. Giants remain giants and pygmies are pygmies still; but the imaginative insight of the great spirits of one generation becomes the indolent and accepted belief of the commonplace men of another. Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, Lucretius,\* Spinoza, Butler, Hume, Pascal, in a sense survive, but the mass of philosophers, of critics, of theologians (except for purposes of religious controversy), are like the half-dead king in the "Arabian Nights," or are perhaps galvanized into an unnatural and passing vitality by some clever or learned man who protests with all the passion of a discoverer that to some half-forgotten or generally unread writer the true secret of man's life and destiny was long ago revealed.

With poetry it is very different. Good poetry appeals to the imagination, and, like the imagination, it never dies. No one disputes that this is obviously true of the greatest poets. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare—their laurels are as fresh as when they wore them, their verses as living as when they uttered them.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius —

Si quid mea carmina possunt,  
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo —  
Not marble, nor the gilded monument  
Of Princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme—  
say three of the immortals, and we know they say true. But this truth is not limited to such men as these, no, nor even to the very great men—the Greek tragedians, Lucretius, Milton, Jonson, Ford, Racine, Molière, Spenser, Dryden, Pope, and the rest less great perhaps than the very greatest, but less great only than they. No really good poetry ever dies. The Elysian Fields in Pindar's "Threni," the "Danaë" of Simonides, the ode of Sappho, the elegiacs of Callimachus, many poems of Catullus, some of Propertius and Ovid, the "Sleep" of Statius, the "Achilles and Chiron" in the "Achilleis," Claudian's "Old Man of Verona," the noble opening of the invectives against Rufinus, the "Statues of the two Brothers at Catina," the "Rose" of Ausonius (if it be his): these and a hundred more will live as long as men remain who can read Greek and Latin. And in English and Scottish, Gray's "Elegy," Collins's odes, Wolfe's "Sir John Moore,"

\* I speak here, of course, of Lucretius as the philosopher, not the great poet.

"Tam o' Shanter," pieces of Herrick, Waller, Lovelace, Sedley, Tom Moore, Hood, Bryant—the catalogue might be endless; these will never die, and centuries hence will as certainly be read as the English language will last in which to read them; and it seems certain that Matthew Arnold's poems will live; that is, will be read, and re-read, and learned by heart, while Englishmen are capable of feeling refinement of thought and perfection of expression.

It is not certain that though not a voluminous writer, his poems will live or be read in their integrity. Neither is it certain that those poems which are now most highly and most generally praised by the critics are those which will live the longest. Speaking broadly, as only in such a matter it is possible to speak, his poems are of three sorts: dramatic or semi-dramatic, such as "Merope" and "Empedocles;" poems not of reflection but of narrative or picture such as "The Forsaken Merman," "Mycerinus," "Tristram and Iseult," "The Church of Brou," "Sohrab and Rustum;" and poems of meditation and introspection, "Thyrsis," "Obermann," "Rugby Chapel," and a multitude of others, forming the larger portion of his writings, that by which he is now best known, and for which he is now most widely and generally admired. The dramatic poems, notwithstanding the wonderful beauty of parts of "Empedocles" (the Cadmus and Harmonia stanzas and the magnificent chorus with which it ends), cannot as dramatic poems be called successful. By those who make present fame the poems in the third class are preferred to the rest. They give clear and perfect utterance to the pathetic doubt, the unrest, the sadness of the time. All our greatest poets, with the exception of Wordsworth, are poets of melancholy and fear. All our great original thinkers, except one who has anchored himself on the rock of St. Peter, are in doubt as to the future, or ask for proofs which cannot be given them. Mr. Arnold feels their influence. Resignation, endurance, courage to face what there is no escaping, not hope, not faith, is what he bids men strive for. Keep innocence, and take heed to the thing which is right because it is right and your conscience bids you, is his moral creed. Poem after poem directly or indirectly enforces this view of human life: "On to the bound of the waste, on to the City of God," says he in a well-known poem; "Life in God and union there," he says in another; and indeed of such ex-

pressions his poems are full; but it is plain, even if he had not himself written, "Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole," that he was the holder of no dogma, the believer in no Articles, "Be they thirty-nine or be they forty-nine I care not," as he would possibly have said, in a somewhat different sense, no doubt, from Mr. Canning's famous country gentleman.

Some of the poems of this class are among the finest things he ever wrote; terse, melodious, clear, but profoundly melancholy, "disclosing a ground-tone, a calm which is not calm but agony." It is difficult to overpraise their style or to overstate the skill with which, while remaining individual, they have caught and reflected the tone of thought of the gravest and most independent minds who have lived and written in the latter half of this century. Nay, more, they have brought strength and comfort to many minds struggling through mists of stifling doubt under a sky to them at least dark and empty. The manly courage, the appeal to what is best and highest in us, the one great duty they inculcate, so to live that the world shall be the better for our life, — these things have touched an answering chord in many a heart, and have made Matthew Arnold to the inner life of some of his contemporaries what John Keble was, and perhaps is, to others differently minded and differently brought up.

All this is true, and yet the mood of this time will not last forever, any more than the mood of other ages has lasted, or the mood of future centuries will last. When at the close of the first thousand years from Christ, "the heaven all gloom, the wearied earth all crime," men thought that Satan was unchained, and that they saw the literal fulfilment of one of the awful visions of the Apocalypse, the poetry of that day reflected the belief and embodied such austere consolation as the belief permitted. But that passed; and so did the temper which made Donne popular and Herbert and Vaughan and Crashaw; so did that which found its best literary expression in the poetry of Cowper; so is that passing which is embalmed for future time in the "Christian Year," and the "Lyra Innocentium." And with the mood or temper which is transient dies the life of the finest poetry which expresses it, as the stateliest tree ceases to grow and flourish if its roots reach at last an alien and uncongenial soil. So also with the changing moods of man, his varying beliefs, his endless suc-

cession of feelings and impressions; that which embodies one of them fails to find acceptance or even comprehension from another, and ceases to be read because it ceases to interest. These noble poems of Matthew Arnold will probably therefore not be in any real sense immortal, not from any defect of their own, but from the inherent mortality of their subjects.

It is otherwise with those poems in which he has dealt with narrative or emotion, touching in them, as some think, the highest points of imaginative beauty; handling those emotions of the heart which can never cease to appeal to us while human hearts exist, and facts of life, whether actual or imaginary, which can never fail to interest because such facts can never fail to be repeated; handling them, too, in verses metrically perfect, and of a melody strange and bewitching indeed, and the more remarkable when it is remembered that his ear for music (though better than his father's, who had none) was yet dull and imperfect. These indeed are not of an age but for all time; no time can stale, no custom wither, the pathetic tenderness of "The Forsaken Merman," the wayward, passionate beauty of "Tristram and Iseult," the severe, dignified splendor of "Mycerinus." These are but examples, others have been mentioned earlier in this paper, and though it is never safe to be a prophet unless you can yourself fulfil the prophecy you utter, yet it is hard to believe that Englishmen will ever be found wanting to appreciate the serene and delicate beauty of these poems, or to refuse to their author a seat in the company of great English poets. What does it matter in such poems as these that the facts are unhistorical? So is Virgil, so is Milton, so is Dante, so is Shakespeare; and the Iliad and Odyssey will never die, if it were capable of being proved to the satisfaction even of Mr. Gladstone that Homer never lived, that there was no Trojan War, that Achilles and Agamemnon and Briseis were made of the same stuff as Jupiter, and Juno, and Apollo. The beauty of these poems is surely undying. Quotation would be endless, but one must be permitted, of rare beauty and perhaps not very generally known.

As when some hunter in the spring hath found  
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,  
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,  
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,  
And followed her to find her where she fell  
Far off; anon her mate comes winging back  
From hunting, and a great way off describes

His huddling young left sole; at that he checks  
 His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps  
 Circles above his eyrie, with loud screams  
 Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she  
 Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,  
 In some far stony gorge, out of his ken,  
 A heap of fluttering feathers; never more  
 Shall the lake glass her flying over it;  
 Never the black and dripping precipices  
 Echo her stormy scream as she sails by.

His own estimate of his poems was singularly modest; he felt, he could not but feel, their beauty and refinement, but he did not think them fitted for popularity, and he had too much dignity of character, too high a respect for art to follow after popularity by methods which did not approve themselves to his literary judgment. Once his poems were reviewed by an intimate friend in a spirit which the reviewer soon bitterly repented; but though Matthew Arnold discovered his critic, and could not but dislike his criticism, it never interposed even the thinnest cloud between the friends. He took a natural pleasure in praise if it came from any one he respected; and he could maintain his own opinion of his work, and defend himself if necessary, but never with heat or obstinacy. "It is pleasant," he said, "to hear what they say of Geist and Mathias. It would be disagreeable to be told that the old fellow was writing on, not seeing that his powers had departed." He was told by a friend that his poem on Arthur Stanley was by no means equal to the one on Arthur Clough; that they were something analogous to the "Ode on Immortality," and the "Ode on the Power of Sound;" one an inspiration, the other an excellent piece of literary work. "Ah!" he said, with a calm smile, "you are quite wrong; one is as good as the other, only you don't care for Stanley as you do for Clough." In the first two editions of "Tristram and Iseult," he had made Tyn-tagil more than once the end of a line, and accented it on the last syllable. It was pointed out to him that this was a mistake, but he refused to be convinced, and quietly maintained the accuracy of his accent, and that his friend did not know how to pronounce a name he had been familiar with from childhood. When the poem was republished, however, Tyn-tagil had become Tintägel, and the accent was corrected. Small stories these, indeed, yet characteristic of the man.

No attempt has been, nor will any be made here, to criticise on scientific principles, or to distinguish with accuracy, the different "manners" exemplified in

Mr. Arnold's poems. In the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, and more recently still in a genial and brilliant article in *Scribner's Magazine*, this has been done with more or less success. Perhaps even in the hands of a critic so consummate as Mr. Arnold himself, this process may be carried too far. Whatever tends to clear what is obscure; to show the conditions of composition so that the character of the man may be better understood, and the objects he pursued better appreciated; nay, whatever aims, as so much of Mr. Arnold's criticism aims, at laying down true principles of judgment, principles of general application to widen and guide the view of intelligent inquiry; in short, whatever helps us to see an author aright, to give us greater pleasure in reading and more gratitude in remembering; all this is most valuable to us, and in the case of a great and original author, we can hardly have too much of it. The case is altered when the great author is not made the subject of respectful comment or general elucidation, but when he is treated as a peg on which to hang dissertations upon art which bear little relevancy to the author, though they display, perhaps, the ingenuity and eloquence of the critic. Of this sort of thing it is very easy to have too much; and to speak the truth, some of us think we have had it. May it be allowed to one who has no pretence to be a critic to hint that most criticism is bad; and to remind his readers that so able a man as Mr. Conington spoke with an air of contemptuous indulgence of the Eclogues of Virgil, and that Sir George Cornewall Lewis said of them (as Dr. Johnson said of "Lycidas") that it was only the name of Virgil which induced any one to believe that there was anything in them. These men were real and great masters; yet to one not a critic such dicta seem to show that in capacity for feeling exquisite and perfect art they were school-boys, "that thought with them was in its infancy." It would be so pleasant if we might now and then find out for ourselves what we liked without being obliged to know why we liked it; to admire what seems beautiful, to love what seems lovely, to reverence what seems great and profound, without being obliged in mood and figure to maintain, at least to argue for, an opinion. Let us lay up stores of noble thought and beautiful expression for the time when we shall be alone with our memories, without being told from what particular treasure-house we must select them, and if we are left to our

selves our memories will be full of Matthew Arnold.

Mr. Hallam, in a noble passage full of that eloquence of which he was so great but so sparing a master, has enlarged on this *vis medica* of poetry: "Afar from books, in solitude, or in travelling, to feed on poetical recollections, to murmur over the beautiful lines whose cadence has long delighted our ear, to recall the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early years once gave them," and thus in youth "to lay the foundation of intellectual pleasure at the other extreme of life." No one familiar from youth to age with the poems of Matthew Arnold will question that these fine words may be justly and truly applied to the creations of his muse, or deny to these creations a soothing and elevating charm which mature judgment sanctions, and familiarity does but increase.

#### PART II.

IN turning from the poetry of Matthew Arnold to his prose it will be found to divide itself, speaking as before broadly, into three clauses: literary, political, and theological. Under the head of literary papers are to be included some personal sketches, often most happy and discriminating, as those of Amiel, Joubert, the De Guerins, and Count Tolstoi; those in which scholarship in the widest sense is the leading subject, such as the preface to "Merope," the paper on pagan and religious sentiment, with its admirable remarks upon and translation from Theocritus, the papers on Milton, Gray, and Shelley; and those which may be called purely literary, as the volume on Celtic literature and on translating Homer. To criticise the literary criticism of Matthew Arnold is a task beyond the powers of most men, and will not be attempted in a paper which aims at no more than presenting some faint picture of the man himself and his intellectual surroundings, as displayed in his writings. It has been said that he overpraised the De Guerins, that he overrated Joubert, that he underrated Shelley, and so forth. No doubt he discussed a great variety of subjects: education, style, culture, academies; and criticised morally and intellectually a great many very different people. He was never conventional, and always said what he thought; not perhaps all he thought, but never anything he did not think. It follows that he constantly came across the fixed opinions, the cherished prejudices, of men who had little reason for them,

but who were annoyed in proportion to their inability to defend what they found assailed sometimes with wit and banter, sometimes with grave sense and weighty reasoning. It cannot be denied that he had the art, when he chose to use it, of making those whom he criticised look supremely ridiculous, and people put into such a position do not always see the fun of it so clearly as others. Nay, they are apt sometimes to get very angry, and to curse and swear (in a literary sense) so as to lay themselves open to fresh castigation from their amused tormentor. All the more if the punishment is bestowed with imperturbable good humor, with serene superiority, and with an air of innocence and wonder very funny but very exasperating. Doubtless he was like Horace, habitually urbane; but as Horace could drop his urbanity to Canidia, to Rex Rupilius, to Mœnas, to Cassius Severus, and to many others, so there must be many living men (and still more some dead ones) towards whom contempt and indignation, rarely roused in him, are expressed in language moderate indeed, but plain and direct to the very verge of good manners.

Still, when all has been said, there is not to be found in modern times such a body of literary criticism as that which Mr. Arnold has left us. In no other writer of our time is there to be found so much strong sense, keen insight, subtle yet lucid analysis, calm unimpassioned judgment, feeling for humor, for pathos, for noble poetry, and high imagination clothed in a style which needed only an occasional rise into the eloquence of passionate and ringing oratory to be quite perfect. The absence of this swing and fervor has been noted as a defect; perhaps it is so; perhaps its presence would have been inconsistent with the graceful, quiet, playful flow of his limpid sentences. Yet his quiet was not the quiet of weakness or indecision. When he condemns those passages in the life of Shelley and his friends which no one but an infatuated idolater can defend, or speaks of the coarse brutalities of Milton's polemics as any one who has read them (except Lord Macaulay) must in his heart admit that they deserve, he does so in stinging language, which leaves no doubt as to his own stern disapprobation and unqualified dislike. Where all is excellent it is difficult to select, and of the literary papers of Mr. Arnold there is not one which should remain unread.

When we pass from his purely literary



essays to those which are concerned with politics in the larger sense, the language of unqualified praise can hardly be employed. Possibly he was too much detached from the parties which divide the State, perhaps he had too keen a vision and too calm a judgment not to see the mistakes of parties, the exaggerations of debate, the absence of clear reasoning and accurate statement, and the presence of that unscrupulousness and unvaracity which, according to the latest authority, are not only defensible but desirable in public affairs; and as he saw them they repelled him; while his sound judgment told him that the whole truth in any practical matter is rarely discerned by those who are committed to one view of it, and who contend as if to admit the soundness of any argument of their opponents were the same thing as to give up all their own. A person of Mr. Arnold's temper is by nature unfitted for present success in those political conflicts which, if in England they are mitigated by influences which did not exist in the Greece of Thucydides, are yet even here marked by some of those great evils which he sets forth in perhaps the grandest passage of his history; written, indeed, concerning his own countrymen, but "belonging in its great outlines to all ages and nations." A writer, of course, is not open to the same temptations as a speaker; a man of action has to consider things which a man of thought can disregard. Yet, after all, politics are action, and it is difficult, it is perhaps impossible, for a man, who knows practically nothing of the conditions under which public affairs are necessarily conducted in a free country, to be perfectly just in political judgment, or perfectly wise in political counsel. Mr. Arnold might say that he knew nothing, nor was concerned to know anything, about that great political workshop, the House of Commons, in which, out of contending furnace blasts of political passion, and heavy blows of rival political hammers, measures of great practical significance, sometimes dealing with the most delicate and complicated subjects, are first molten, and then beaten into the shape they at last put on; and further that he was concerned with criticism not construction, and was contending for the principles on which statesmen should act, the time and mode of action being left to members of Parliament, and lying beyond or at any rate outside the province of the critic or the philosopher. True enough; yet, after all allowance has been made, Mr. Arnold's

political judgments and suggestions seem to many readers neither uncandid, nor uninstructed, nor hostile, to be not only unpractical, but inadequate, and to be wanting in that firm grasp and thorough knowledge of the whole subject which are striking characteristics of his literary criticism.

In those papers, too, which he devoted to Irish questions, though there are clever things said and sensible remedies proposed; though he is entirely free from religious bigotry, and writes with noble scorn of the dull and stupid prejudices on Irish subjects of the English governing classes; yet as he never lived in Ireland, never saw evictions of tenants from soil which they had reclaimed and houses they had built, by landlords who had contributed nothing to the making of the one or the building of the other, his utterances on land questions are, what his so seldom are, halting, indecisive, deficient in that complete knowledge without which all political writing is necessarily ineffective. He was greatly influenced by Burke, and published a volume of selections from Burke's writings on Irish subjects. Burke was a man of great genius, enormous knowledge, and splendid eloquence, too great to be illiberal, too impetuous to be cold; political injustice kindled his indignation, intellectual narrowness awoke his scorn; with the sufferings of Indians he sympathized; upon the base and cruel tyranny of the penal laws he let loose the floodgates of his eloquence. But there is too much reason to believe that he profited personally by the penal laws which he so magnificently denounced; he had little of the popular fibre; for the wrongs and miseries of the lower classes as such he seems to have little care or pity. The English language is strained by him to the uttermost to express his tempestuous sorrow for the queen, for the noblemen, for the priests of France, and his fierce wrath at those who hurled them low, or put them to death, or drove them into exile. But for the almost incredible sufferings of the people, oppressed, insulted, starved, denied, as Arthur Young might have taught him, the commonest rights of humanity, there is not from one end of the book on the French Revolution to the other so much as a passing sigh. Mr. Arnold was very differently constituted. By him "the armies of the homeless and unfed" were treated neither with silent apathy nor with cynical contempt. He spoke of them and felt towards them as a man of kindly and generous nature should



speak and feel; and while he never denounced individuals for the faults of their system, yet he never concealed his dislike and disapproval of the system itself which has created our proletariat, for the continuance of which, with its inevitable results, our government (using the word in its largest sense) must be held responsible. The well-known sonnet, "To a Republican Friend," which he never withdrew or altered, shows plainly enough on which side lay his serious sympathies. Nevertheless, the violence of language and the cruel and hateful deeds which, though very likely not caused by that language, yet accompanied and followed it in Ireland, offended and disgusted him, and in the opinion of many men his extreme abhorrence of the methods employed to redress wrong rendered him not indifferent to, but somewhat sceptical as to the wrongs they were employed to redress. Certainly, as to Ireland, if he preached right courses it was to the stubborn blind, and if he prophesied it was to ears that would not hear.

The same imperfection, to speak the truth, is to be found in what he said and wrote about America. All nations have national faults, and the faults of the Americans meet the eye at once, and repel and annoy natures like Mr. Arnold's more than in right reason they ought. Some of his quotations from American newspapers are absurd and contemptible enough; some of their popular habits and customs bore an Englishman; the national swagger offends the taste; the national literature, *exceptis excipiendis*, does not perhaps reach the European standard; the worship of mere money is vulgar in both senses of the word. But who are we, to throw stones at others for these things? They are undesirable as much in England as in America; and an American visitor can find them in England as easily as we find them in America. The French are constantly dwelling on the *brutalité des journaux Anglais*; and apart from this charge an American might make his countrymen merry with extracts judiciously culled from papers popular in drawing-rooms. Some of our habits, depend upon it, seem as senseless and tiresome to foreigners as the handshaking receptions do to us. Can anything be more absurd than evening parties and those who frequent them, so far as they do frequent them? Is the American swagger one wit more offensive than the cool insolence of the Briton? Mr. Lowell has told us with truth that the Amer-

icans have had other things to do in the first century of their national existence than to create a literature; and as for money worship, if there is or ever has been anything in America baser or more degrading than the worship of Mr. Hudson in his prosperity, and the insults to him in adversity by English society, from archbishops downwards, the knowledge of it has not reached this country. Mr. Hudson is dead, but he has his successors, and his worshippers have theirs.

To the noble side of the American republic Mr. Arnold surely did scant justice. The widespread and solid comfort, the manly independence, the frank, cordial hospitality, the courtesy to women, the respect for law, the ease and vigor of government, the heroic spirit and unflinching courage of both sides in the great war, the general intelligence, the hearty recognition except in the field of party politics of high character and unselfish aims, and the wonderful deference accorded to them; the absence of all servile deference to rank and mere social assumption, manners charming, not perhaps from conventional polish, but from the far worthier qualities of simple and genuine kindness; above all the enormous power ranged on the side of peace, of freedom, and equality, these are things surely to outweigh a hundred times over such shortcomings as Mr. Arnold very truly noted, but the effect of which upon a great people and its influence in the world he strangely overrated. "There are spots, sir, in the sun," said Lord Kenyon to some acrid critic of Lord Erskine. Some such phrase may be properly addressed to the acrid critics of the great republic.

It may be said, if for a moment I may speak in the first person, that my judgment is partial. It may be so; but at least I speak of what I have seen, and known, and felt. I wish, therefore, that Mr. Arnold could have lived to supplement his last paper on America, which I believe was true, but was far indeed from being the whole truth.

Yet with these deductions his political papers have great and lasting value. No man has touched with a keener instrument than his the weak places in our political and social fabric. It needs a genius like his own even to describe the weapons which he wielded. The immense *ennui* of the middle classes and their apparently incurable narrowness and self-satisfaction, the "barbarians" of our aristocracy, Lord Lumpington, Mr. Bottles; phrases, names, characters, all made to live and wake us

up out of "the sleepy drench" of national complacency by the blended powers of keen insight, delicate humor, and strong practical good sense,—these things will not, at least ought not, for years to be forgotten, and they have left on the minds of many men who guide the nation, thoughts, impressions, which will not soon pass away. Upon politics, as upon other things, his writings are wonderfully suggestive. Take the volume which he called "Friendship's Garland." It is short, slight, playful; the tone of good-humored banter is scarcely ever dropped; but for keen, penetrating, and yet just satire on our national faults and weaknesses, social, political, religious, intellectual, there is no book of recent time at all comparable to it. It is, perhaps, the ablest, it is certainly one of the most characteristic of Mr. Arnold's political writings. Some of the illustrations, always the case with satire, require now a word of explanatory comment; but the substance of the book is as excellent and as applicable now as when it was written, and it would be a pity if its occasional rather trenchant personalities should prevent its being reprinted.

In the last division of his prose works are included those papers on theological and religious subjects which produced most controversy when they appeared, caused most annoyance and even anger in many men, who on other matters were his admirers and disciples, and have drawn forth since his death the only notes out of harmony with that full chord of tender, melancholy, respectful regret which has been poured forth over his tomb. On these subjects few men can write what their readers differ from without creating irritation and offence. The subjects are too important, the interests too deep, the connection with the inner and the higher life too close, for men to accept what they dislike with even so much equanimity, and that is little enough, as they can extend to politics. Prejudices are not necessarily bad, but religion with almost every man is more or less a matter of prejudice. Few men think out or reason out their religion, and in proportion to the strength of the prejudice is the annoyance when it is assailed, or even when it is shown to be what it is. Instead of meeting the arguments, the usual course is to assail the arguer; and with official or paid defenders of a creed, the too common method is to assume a tone of moral superiority, often ludicrously inappropriate, to impute motive, to vilify character, and in defence of

religion to violate the charity and good feeling which it is the first practical object of religion to inculcate and maintain. In forming any judgment upon Mr. Arnold's writings on these subjects, it is therefore necessary to consider the time at which he wrote, and the persons whom he addressed.

Now what has been the state of religious opinion amongst persons of education and reflection since Mr. Arnold first began to write? The vast majority of men and almost all women in this age, as in every age, can hardly be said to think at all upon religion, or on any grave and serious subject. They believe what they have been taught, and hold what they hear asserted, with indolent or unintelligent acquiescence; either because they are too careless and indifferent to trouble themselves, or because they care so much, that it seems to them profane to question the soundness of that which is the life of their soul, the stay of the better part of their nature; and thus they make the importance of a truth the evidence upon which they accept it. "Whether that which is proposed to be made out be really made out or not, whether a matter be stated according to the real truth of the case, seems to the generality of people merely a circumstance of no consideration at all." "There are even of the few who read for their own entertainment and have a real curiosity to see what is said, several, which is prodigious, who have no curiosity to see what is true." "Thus people habituate themselves to let things pass through their minds, as one may say, rather than to think of them. Thus by use they become satisfied merely with seeing what is said, without going any further. Review and attention and even forming a judgment become fatigue; and to say anything before them that requires it is putting them quite out of their way." So says Bishop Butler in sentences which are true of all time, certainly as true of the present as of that of which he wrote them. Men accept Bishop Butler because the testimony in favor of his greatness, his fairness, his wisdom, is absolutely overwhelming; but they are much "put out of their way" if asked to follow his example, an example which in fact in practice they habitually disregard. The difficulties with which the great bishop dealt, the objections which he answered, are not those which surround us and which we hear of now; but most certainly if he were now alive he would not assume the points to be proved, he would not at-

tempt to answer historical inquiry or critical investigation with a moral sniff, nor would he "hop with airy and fastidious levity over proofs and arguments and perch upon assertion to call it conclusion." He has told us himself: "I express myself with caution, lest I should be mistaken to vilify reason; which is indeed the only faculty we have wherewith to judge concerning anything, even revelation itself; or to be misunderstood to assert that a supposed revelation cannot be proved false, from internal characters."

But it was to men uncritical, unhistorical, with no desire to discuss the questions raised by him fairly, or indeed at all, men who chose to regard inquiries as to the truth or falsehood of certain forms and practices of religion, and certain books about it, as an irreverent and almost blasphemous attack upon that which is the centre of religion itself, that Mr. Arnold addressed his theological writings. He proposed to examine closely the nature and claims of the popular Christianity which, as he thought, had obscured and supplanted the pure and simple religion of our Lord; and to test by reason and experience some of the popular beliefs, the popular creeds and doctrines, which claim popular assent on the ground of divine authority. He saw plainly that it was difficult, if not impossible, to apply the Butlerian method to the forms of modern doubt; that science makes it more difficult every day to hold to forms of belief essentially unscientific. He saw in the adamant, undeviating, relentless horrible cruelty of nature, not only towards vast masses of men and women, but to the blameless creatures of earth and sea and sky, an entire inconsistency with what we are told in the Bible of the Bible's God. He had read probably with the awe and dismay which it cannot but inspire, that tremendous passage in Cardinal Newman's "Apologia," in which he paints the condition of the whole world to the observer of it, as one which must fill him with unspeakable distress. The passage is so grand that at the risk of undue length it must be quoted.

The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of "lamentations, and mourning, and woe."

To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the

impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, "having no hope and without God in the world"—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery which is absolutely beyond human solution.

What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? I can only answer, that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence.

This is but a portion of the whole; and yet perhaps it does not go beyond the solemn words of St. Paul, hardly rendered in their full force even in the noble words of our old translation, "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." The great apostle and the great living writer both for themselves solved the awful mystery in the same way and almost in the same words; but it is not to every one that "faith's transcendent dower" has been vouchsafed in such abundant measure; and any fair man will probably not deny that the mode in which it is customary to present religion now from the pulpit and the platform does not solve the mystery, does not recognize the facts, does not give rest or satisfaction to reverent and intelligent men not seeking doubts, but whom doubts have reached, to whom inquiry seems a duty and proof a need, and who have accepted, not only as self-evident truth, but as a principle of conduct, the great saying that things are what they are and not other things; why, therefore, should we desire to be deceived? Surely the travesty of Christianity which surrounds us, the severance of doctrine from practice, of creed from conduct, the substitution even in precept of outward ceremony for softening of the temper and purifying of the heart, the divorce probably never before so complete between good works and definite belief, the reproduction with curious fidelity of the state of things in which it was "an agreed point amongst all people of discernment that Christianity is at length discovered

to be fictitious;" the blindness of the clergy and of religious men to the fact that the edifice which is so fair and seems so strong is undermined in all directions; the awful consequences which would follow from an open revolt against religion which the bigotry of Churchmen is but too likely to bring about, — thoughts of these things might well lead a man of lofty character and keen mind to try to point out to his contemporaries what was the Christian verity which in his judgment fable and superstition had joined together to conceal, and piercing through, or tearing off, the human incrustations of so many centuries, to display once more the divine kernel of unspeakably precious truth which lies hid beneath them.

This was certainly Mr. Arnold's desire and aim. It would be too much to say that he entirely succeeded. When one thinks of the gigantic strength of the forces, which with easy gallantry he assailed, the wonder rather is that he did so much. His method of warfare was his own, and it was in vain to suggest to him to try another. Probably he was right; his literary instinct told him where his strength lay; and he could not have put his whole power into any weapons but his own. He was a man himself of spotless life, of religious feeling, a constant student of our Bible; knowing as few men do know the Greek Testament, the Vulgate, the "Imitatio," Bishop Wilson, and many other such books; one at whose hands goodness and good men always had the highest and most appreciating honor. But he rejoiced in banter and pleasantry, and he thought, no doubt, that he could best expose what he regarded as the fables and absurdities of the popular religion by laughing at them. He did laugh at them; and hence arose against him a cry of irreverence, for which it is impossible to say that he gave no cause, but which in its intensity (ferocity would be hardly too strong a word) arose really from misunderstanding in some men, and from causes less creditable in others.

Ridiculum acri

Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res,

stands last in a number of admirable Horatian precepts, more suited perhaps to literary than to religious controversy. "Truth's secretary," says Fuller, "must use a set hand in writing important points of divinity. Ill dancing for nimble wits on the precipices of dangerous doctrines." The sense of this Mr. Arnold sometimes forgot; but to the truths which are the

centre of Christianity, to the person and teaching of our Lord there was never in his language, there was never in his mind the faintest trace of irreverence. The time will come, if it has not come already, when it will be seen that his influence has been on the whole for good, and that there is in the minds of many men a profounder appreciation of the Hebrew Scriptures, a deeper and more reverent belief in our Lord than if he had never written.

It is easy for men behind the shield of anonymity to launch poisoned darts at Mr. Arnold, to accuse him of "levity," and "profanity," and to sneer at his "impertinences." The license is the price we pay for the liberty of the press. If their lives (and as they are anonymous and unknown this may be said without personality), if their lives are within a hundred degrees of the purity, the loftiness, the unvarying and wonderful nobility of Mr. Arnold's, at least their writings show a total unacquaintance with the principles of the religion of which they assume themselves to be the unsolicited defenders. If, again, there be men of thought and learning who can accept without hesitation the whole of Christianity as popularly taught (and many clever men maintain that the whole thing, from Genesis to the Revelation, stands or falls together), men to whom the fall, the flood, the life and still more the deathbed of "the man after God's own heart" ("God the same yesterday, to-day, and forever"), Elijah and Elisha, the curse and the blessing pronounced by the same authority on the same man for the same act, — to whom these and a hundred more things like them create no difficulty, let them thank God with all their hearts that he has heard their prayers and blessed their lives. But let them not dare to judge or to condemn other men, as much in earnest as themselves; who seek after truth as simply and as purely; whom "honest doubt" assails not always quite without success; who do sincerely try to prove all things that they may hold fast that which is good; who desire to give a reason for their faith, but who find that reason very hard to give after the lapse of twenty centuries and since the changes wrought in the whole conception of heaven and earth by science, which is as much a revelation from God as any other; men who pray for faith which is not granted them in full measure, for light which does not come unclouded, for certainty they cannot attain to. We must all, men of faith, and men of doubt, stand or fall at last by the ear-

nestness and sincerity with which we have striven to see God's will and to do our duty.

Few souls ever passed away with more hope of acceptance, few lives more unstained have been led from childhood to old age, few men have ever gone into "that silent void where if there are no smiles there are no tears, and where if hearts do not beat they cannot be broken," leaving behind them such passionate regrets, such daily, hourly desire for communion which the grave forbids, for friendship which death has ended. Struck down in the very fulness of his powers, his brain teeming with beautiful thoughts and noble conceptions, actually engaged to furnish works which would have enriched the language, widened our sympathies, and enlarged our knowledge, without a trace of age upon him, lighthearted as a boy, serious, faithful, and affectionate as a man of years, he passed from us in a moment, never to be forgotten by his friends, to be remembered for many a long year by all that is best and greatest amongst his countrymen. It is useless, it is impossible, to try to cast the balance. No verdict on such a man can be impartial pronounced by a friend, no friend would wish it to be. "If there be any place for the spirits of the just, if, as the wise declare, great souls are not extinguished with the body, then rest in peace; and lift up your friends and kinsfolk from weak regret and unmanly lamentation, to gaze upon your virtues, for which shedding of tears and beating of the breast are no fit mourning. Rather let us honor you by reverence, by present eulogy, nay, if our poor nature will supply the power, by making ourselves your copies. This is the real honor, this the religious duty of those who are bound to him by the closest ties. Let us always bear in mind all deeds, all words of his, let us always dwell upon and make our own the history and the picture not of his person but of his mind. Not because I would object to busts or statues of marble or of bronze, but inasmuch as men's faces and their portraits are but weak and fleeting things, while the image of the soul abides forever, we can ourselves retain and reproduce the image of the life he led without the aid of any artist, his colors, or his carving. For all in him that we follow with wonder and with love remains and will remain forever in the minds of men, through the endless flow of ages, as a portion of the past."

Some such words as these (frail echoes indeed of his large utterance), one of the

greatest spoke of one of the noblest of the Romans. It may be permitted to use them here as suggesting the "enthusiasm which lies in the language of reserve;" and further to adapt to the occasion the well-known and lovely lines which Mr. Arnold admired, and which veil while they express the feelings of his friends:—

Unâ speravi tecum, dilecte Favoni!  
Credulus heu longos, ut quondam, fallere  
soles:

Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita  
vota!

Heu mæstos soles, sine te quos ducere flendo  
Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes!

From Longman's Magazine.

#### ONLY A JOKE.

HE made the last correction in the margin of the long galley of proof, folded it, thrust it into a stamped and directed envelope, then stood up, stretched his arms and expanded his chest, in the manner of a man coming out of a heated room into the fresh, clear air. Suddenly his eye lighted on a little packet of manuscripts lying on the table; he pounced upon it almost fiercely, fluttered the leaves, then tore it savagely across and threw it on to the fire. The fire was dull, and scorched and blackened the sheets without burning them, so he caught up a bent and battered poker and, pressing them down into the red glow, held them there until they burst into a flame, lighting up the dark corners of the room which had been only half rendered visible by the light of the green-shaded lamp.

It was one of those rooms which the advertisement columns of the daily papers call "bed and sitting room, suitable for a single gentleman of quiet habits." The "single gentleman" must be a person of simple and singular tastes if he really finds this kind of room "suitable" to anything but his pocket. The chairs are funereal horsehair, the seat of the "easy" one being invariably an inclined and slippery plane. The ornaments are always an inkless papier-maché inkstand in the middle of the red-and-black table-cover, and two Parian figures on the mantelpiece covered with gilt eruptions and preserved under glass shades.

Sebastian Lundy had made the best of his room. The Parian ornaments and inkstand had disappeared into a cupboard; the black-and-red table-cloth had given place to a green baize one, on which



a practicable inkpot and a heap of papers were now set forth; the mantelpiece was used as a book-shelf, and so was the top of the chest of drawers. They were a mixed lot, those books: mostly divinity of the evangelical kind, with here and there a volume of poetry. Only a few of them were new, and these stood all together at one end of the mantelpiece. They were "Literature and Dogma," "God and the Bible," Greg's "Creed of Christendom," a translation of the "Critique of Pure Reason," and "Middlemarch."

When the manuscript had faded away into a grey ash, Sebastian stirred the fire into a blaze, and threw himself into an old and broken American armchair which stood in front of the fire. He clasped his hands behind the back of his head and wrinkled his forehead in a puzzled meditation. He was one of those men of whom people say that they "look old," implying thereby that their looks do not speak truly. He had thick, straightish eyebrows, and large, grey, weary-looking eyes, a thin, rather ragged, black moustache and small, black whiskers, with a clean-shaven chin which never looked clean-shaven. He was long and bony, with the sort of bodily angles which soon make new clothes look old. The fire burned through, and fell in with a hollow little crash. He rose and took down "Middlemarch," sat down by the lamp, and with elbows on the table began to read. He had not turned one page before a confident tap at the door made him look up. There was a shade of annoyance on his face, but it faded before he opened the door and yielded his hand to the light-hearted hand-shake of the tapper.

"Studious as usual! I'm afraid I'm interrupting you, Lundy."

"Not at all, not at all. Come in, Fisher. I'm glad to see somebody."

"Why, what's the matter? Down in the dumps, eh? Indigestion or love, which is it? Eh?"

He had seated himself in the slippery armchair, and thrown one fat leg over the other. He was a stout, well-looking person, with a high color and a pleasant face.

"Don't chaff, there's a good fellow," said Lundy; "I don't feel very gay to-night."

Fisher had come into the room with a genial and jolly air, but, as the other spoke, his whole expression changed. It became at once serious and sympathetic.

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap. What is it?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I feel I can't go on with this sort of thing any longer."

"What sort of thing?" casting his eyes round the room.

Lundy jerked his thumb towards the stamped envelope on the table, and Fisher taking it up read,—

"To the Editor of the *Church and People*."

"Why! what nonsense! You don't mean that! What *are* you going to do then?"

Lundy walked restlessly up and down the room.

"That's just the question," he said.

Fisher stood up and leaned against the mantelpiece, and looked at the other with a gravely kind expression.

"The fact is," Lundy went on, "I feel such a wicked hypocrite. How can I go on writing what I have ceased really to believe?"

"Oh, my dear fellow, but I thought you —"

"Yes, but I don't see these things quite as I did."

"Well, but even then —"

"Yes, I know what you're going to say — that journalists should have no conscience, and that may be true in politics, but it isn't in religion."

"Well, but, dear me, how long has this been going on?"

"A great deal longer than it would have gone on with an honest man. It's no use, Fisher; I can't bear it any longer."

The other shrugged his shoulders, and drew his hand along the backs of Matthew Arnold, Greg, and Kant.

"That's what comes of reading these, I suppose. I told you so; you should have taken my advice. As soon as a man begins muddling himself about "subject" and "object" it's all over with him. I never think myself."

"It's no use. It's too late. You see I've done it. I can't go back and be the same as if I'd read nothing but the *Methuodist Times*."

It was Fisher's turn to pace the room.

"It's a pity, Lundy, it's a pity. Nothing pays so well as religion nowadays. And you have quite a special gift that way, they say."

"Good heavens, Fisher!" Lundy looked straight in the other's eyes. "You wouldn't wish me —"

"No, no, no, of course not." Fisher became explanatory. "I only meant that it was lucky for the people who can believe what they were brought up to believe."



You don't suppose I should wish you to do anything you thought wrong," he ended, unconsciously quoting Joseph Surface.

There was silence for a minute or two. Lundy mechanically filled his pipe, and the other as automatically struck a match and offered it to him.

"Well, but what *are* you going to do?" he repeated, when the same match had served for his own cigar.

"I tell you I don't know. Sweep a crossing, I should think."

"Why don't you try fiction?" asked Fisher, as who should say, "Why don't you try cod-liver oil?"

"Well, do you know?"—a ghost of a blush appeared between Lundy's thin whiskers—"I've thought of that; I've got a trick of noticing, and I believe I could do it."

"Do it, of course you could do it!" Fisher's face resumed its bright expression. "You must begin at once."

"I've only read one novel, you know."

"So much the better. You'll not crib their ideas."

"The worst of it is I must read some, or I shan't know what kind of a story to make."

"Oh, plots are simple enough; I could think of a dozen in half an hour."

The person who does not write fiction always says so, but Lundy did not know this, so he looked at his friend with extreme surprise.

"Why don't you write novels?" he asked after a moment.

"Oh, I can't work them out, you know; I haven't the patience, and besides, I've got into my groove on the *Racehorse*. That's good enough for me. Keeps me in bread and cheese, even in a chop sometimes."

His fat sides shook in a chuckle.

"Well, if you're so fertile in ideas, give me a few."

"I don't know that I can exactly pump them up at a moment's notice like this."

"Well, look in to-morrow night."

"I can't, my dear boy. I'm off to Paris for the *Racehorse* to-morrow; shan't be back for three months. I was coming in to tell you, but seeing you look so down put it out of my head."

"Well, try to think of one now."

"What a hurry you're in! You don't want to begin to-night, surely."

"Well, I don't know."

The other stroked the back of his well-brushed, sleek hair for a moment or two, his face becoming thoughtful the while.

"Well," he said presently, "I did have an idea of a story the other day, but I don't know that I've thought it out properly. It would want a lot of filling in."

Lundy looked up expectant. Fisher knit his brows, hummed, ha'd, and after a preparatory cough or two began his narrative. It was a tale of love and jealousy, not of a very striking or original kind, but somewhat ingeniously worked out; for the average novel-reader it would have been as commonplace as cabbage, and the *finale* as easily discernible from the beginning as St. Paul's Cathedral from the bottom of Ludgate Hill. But before it was half told Lundy was as interested as a child of eight in a fairy tale, or a member of the Society for Psychical Research in a legend of a haunted house. When the end was reached—it ended at an altar and with wedding bells—he threw himself back in his chair, his cheeks flushed, his eyes shining.

"Bravo," he said, "that's splendid! You ought to throw up the *Racehorse* and write nothing but fiction; but I don't like the end, it ought to end differently."

Fisher's face quite fell at the criticism. "Differently, why?" he asked; "how else would you have it?"

"Well, you know," Lundy spoke slowly, "in real life things don't end happily generally."

"Oh, but they do in novels—real life be hanged!" exclaimed the other. A remark which proved that he had at least one of the qualifications of a successful novelist.

"Are you quite sure you'll never use that plot?"

"Not I!" with unmistakable sincerity.

"Well, then, do you mind if I do?"

"Of course I don't *mind*, my dear fellow; but, really, it's hardly"—in an embarrassment of apparent modesty—"it's not quite—I'm sure you'll think of something better. Besides, you're in the blues to-night; you'll think better of your religious work to-morrow. Shall I post this for you?"

He took up the envelope.

"Yes, I suppose it must go in now, but it's the last. Going? Well, good-bye. Thank you so much for your plot."

"Oh! I'm glad if it amused you. Good-night, old man. I'll look you up directly I come back."

As Fisher shook hands he added, "And I say, do think twice before you give up religious essays for fiction. It's a grave step."

And when he had closed the door he

opened it again to say, "I say, Lundy, I wouldn't use that plot if I were you."

"Why not?"

"Oh, it's — it's not good enough."

"All right," was Lundy's answer, and the door shut out Mr. Fisher.

Sebastian Lundy took out a savings' bank book. The balance to his credit was about 21*l*. He looked at it, put it away again, and said aloud, —

"That'll last. I shall work quickly if I work at nothing else. I'll risk it."

Then he sat down and began to write. It was about eleven o'clock when he put pen to paper, and at two he flung down the pen on the last sheet of a careful summary of the story his friend had told him. He was used to taking notes of sermons, and this habit served him here. All the scenes were sketched in their original order, and no detail which bore on the story was left out. He went to bed — but not to sleep. The characters of the story passed in procession through his mind. The incidents, conversations, and trains of events which were possible to the development of the plot performed a sort of maddening dance through his tired brain. The cold February dawn was coming over the roofs before he slept at last, heavily and dreamlessly.

At ten he woke in a sort of panic. What was it that he had to do — and early?

He sprang out of bed and was in his bath before he remembered that it was a novel he had to write.

All that day, and for many a day after he wrote and wrote. He wrote all day. He would get up in the night to write; he would take his meals by snatches as he wrote, groping about for the food with his left hand with eyes and pen still on the paper; he wrote as long as eyes and hand would serve, and always it was these that failed him, not the brain. He would sometimes be forced to let the pen fall in the midst of a sentence, though that sentence and its successors only needed writing down; the hand and the eyes would refuse their office, and he would grudgingly take some food or sleep. But with all his work he seemed to himself to make very little progress, for every now and then he tore up whole chapters and re-wrote them with tender care and virile energy.

His religious writings had been popular among editors and the public for the reason that his piety had upon it the unmistakable stamp of truth; his religious fervors were heartfelt, and were of a very different metal from the formal religiousi-

ties which pass current in the columns of the pious press. A certain simplicity of mind made it possible to him to write what he felt exactly as he felt it, without the least disguise or undue self-consciousness, and this simplicity now gave to his story an air of reality. He was helped less by his imagination than by his memory, and he used all its stores without any of those reservations which abort the efforts of novel-writers less simple or more sensitive. Being unstuffed with conventional fiction he actually drew conversations from life, his characters spoke in broken sentences, and bad grammar was as common in the mouth of his educated hero as it is on the reader's own refined lips.

Lundy left his letters unanswered — he paid his small bills without any of that methodical attention to detail which had earned him his landlady's unselfish admiration. When he went out, as he now and then forced himself to do, he walked almost blindly, with long strides and a knitted brow that drew unheeded comments — never complimentary — from the passengers in the streets.

His landlady would come up to "clear away" and find him bending over his manuscript, the untouched chop beside him.

"Now, deary me, sir," she would say anxiously, "you're not yourself at all. Why here's these nice pork chops stone-cold — and you not so much as touched them. And you as was always partial to a pork chop."

He would look up hopelessly.

"I — I quite forgot the dinner. Never mind — I'll have it cold."

"Now I'll just warm it up, and you have it 'ot with a little drop of gravy."

Which she would do; and Lundy, left alone with the chops, would forget their gravior existence, and write on. Then he would suddenly awake to a sense of his responsibilities, and would take the bones of the cold chops in his fingers and eat as he wrote. And all the time he did not know if he was writing ill or well. He only knew the novel was his life.

So February slipped away, and towards the close of March he came in sight of the end. He scratched out less now, and did not tear up at all; practice was making this kind of writing easy to him. And the brain now ran better in harness with the pen.

There remained only half-a-dozen chapters to write, and here Sebastian Lundy, without hesitation and by a sort of in-

instinct, abandoned the ending of the story as told to him by his friend. That story ended in a union — this in a parting.

As the work had progressed he had gradually identified himself with his hero. By a strange chance some of the events in the story were not unlike the events in his life. For a kingdom he could not have made the romance of this other self, this brain-brother, and otherwise than as his own had done; for even Sebastian Lundy had had his romance, ending in wedding bells that were not rung for him.

These last chapters were a faithful and unflinching record of certain chapters in his own life; and the writing of them affected him almost as the living of them had done. He grew pale and thin, and the lines in his face deepened.

At last, on a shivery, rainy April day the final words were written. He drew a long breath, but he did not lay down the pen. He took a sheet of note paper, and wrote a note to the first firm of publishers whose names occurred to him. Then he tied the story up in brown paper, addressed it to the same firm, and carried it and the letter to Paternoster Square.

Then came three weeks of waiting; and what such waiting is those know who have experienced it, and none who have not experienced it can conceive. And Sebastian Lundy's waiting was harder to bear than most men's. He had not a relation in the world, and his only friends had been the worshippers at the little Bethel he had abandoned, and his sporting fellow-lodger Fisher, away in Paris. Probably Fisher had never been so longed for in all his light-hearted existence as Lundy longed for him then. The store of 21 $\frac{1}{2}$  was wofully lessened by now; there was only enough for three more weeks, even with the strictest economy — meat once a day, and no omnibuses.

Why should he take omnibuses? He had nowhere to go. He went for long aimless walks, and came home tired out — more often than not, too tired to sleep. One evening he came back from a twenty-mile tramp, and as he came into his room the dim firelight showed him something white on the mantelpiece. It must be *the* letter. He had no correspondents now. He stirred the fire till a bright flame leaped up. He tore open the letter. There was no accompanying parcel. He realized that with a sudden swelling of the heart that brought tears into his eyes; he was not very strong now. Then by the firelight he read the letter. It acknowledged the receipt of the novel, "John Carlton's

Trial," and requested the author to call on the following day at eleven.

It was accepted then! He had had some early experience of rejected manuscripts, and he knew the forms. Joy ran through his veins like a tide — but a tide of peace, not of tumult. The unrest was over now — the immense tension, the sickening alternation of hopes and fears — his book was accepted. The world would read it; the suspense had been hard to bear, but it was over now.

He did not laugh or sing, or express his joy in any of the ways mentioned by the poets, but he took out half a sovereign — there were not many left now — and he went to the foreign restaurant round the corner, and had a good dinner, the first he had had since the beginning of the novel. That night he slept soundly.

The next morning at eleven he was shown into the private room of the head of the firm. Mr. Trevor was an old man, with a short white beard and an extremely unintellectual forehead. He looked up from a letter he was writing as Sebastian entered, and said, —

"Sit down a moment, please."

Sebastian sat down, a light of happiness which he hardly tried to conceal shining through his thin face. Before he could speak the publisher went on.

"I wrote to you, Mr. Lundy, as I thought I should like to see you personally. There is a matter here," opening a drawer and pulling out a sheet of foolscap paper, "which calls for some little explanation from you."

At his words, and more at his tone, Sebastian's blood rushed to his heart, leaving his face white. What! was he to be asked to alter it? To mutilate the darling child of his fancy and his memory? He set his lips together closely, and kept silence.

Mr. Trevor went on.

"The book's been read, and my reader reports to me — ah — hum" — he ran his finger down the page — "'some literary skill' — 'undoubted talent' — no, no — oh, yes — here it is — 'the book is a gross and deliberate plagiarism from Miss Bradon's "Chloe." The names have been altered, but incident and sequence are mere transcripts from that work. The ending alone has been altered. There are certain superficial differences, but the two books are practically the same. The writer should be' — ah, well" — he stopped.

Before he had finished Sebastian was standing, pale and rigid, grasping the

back of a chair. The old man dropped his gold-rimmed eyeglasses and looked up at him sternly.

"It's false!" cried Sebastian in a harsh, muffled voice; "I've never seen the book. I never read any novel but 'Middlemarch.'"

The sincerity of him was not to be doubted. It had its effect. Mr. Trevor's face and tone softened a little.

"Well, come, Mr. Lundy," he said, "how did you come by the plot? Did you evolve it out of your inner consciousness? Do you read reviews, by chance? Did the events happen to any of your friends? Are they a personal experience?"

From the time Sebastian began to write, until this moment, he had absolutely forgotten, in his love for his story, that the plot was not his own.

"Er—er," he stammered, "a friend told it me. He told me that he made it up, and that I might use it." He passed his hand over his forehead, and looked at it in a dazed way. It was wet with cold sweat. He spoke with difficulty; his mouth was dry and parched. The publisher pushed his chair back, and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"Well, sir," he said, "if I were in your shoes I would have a word of a sort with this friend. He's been having a joke with you."

"A joke!"

"Well, I don't know that there's anything more to be said. The reader speaks very well of your literary style. Try again, and keep clear of your friends this time. Good-morning. They will give you your manuscript in the office if you ask for it."

"I shall not ask for it. Sell it for waste-paper."

And he went out with the air and gait of an old man.

Mr. Trevor sat tapping a paper-knife on his desk for fully five minutes. Then he raised his eyebrows and touched his bell. He handed the report to the clerk. "Bring me up that manuscript," he said.

When the pile of manuscript was brought to him he began to read. That night he took it home with him.

Sebastian made his way into Paternoster Row, went into a shop and bought Miss Braddon's "Chloe," and turned into the gardens of St. Paul's Churchyard. It was a radiant blue April day, and all the benches were filled. He had to walk up

and down for ten minutes before he could find an empty seat.

He opened the book with trembling hands, and began to turn the leaves with feverish haste. After half an hour he flung it under the seat with a violence that split the yellow back from top to bottom, and walked, almost ran, out of the enclosure.

Halfway down Ludgate Hill he was stopped by a hand on his shoulder. It was a fellow-journalist of Fisher's whom he had seen at the latter's rooms once or twice.

"Why, Mr. Lundy, you're quite a stranger! What's the hurry? Heard from old Fisher to-day. He's staying on for another six months. But what's the matter, man? Been ill? You look half dead. Come along—let's turn into the Bodega."

Lundy shook the hand off, and spoke with rigid jaws in the kind of measured way which men use when they have been drinking a little, and wish to hide the fact.

"The last time I saw Mr. Fisher," he said, "he told me the plot of a novel; he said he had invented it; he said I might use it. He thought it was a good joke, I suppose. I did use it. It was the first novel I ever wrote. It will be the last. He lied; it was not his."

And he pushed past the genial journalist, leaving him rooted and gaping on the half-turn towards the Bodega.

In the autumn of that year this same Fleet-Streeter, coming into Charing Cross Station, met Mr. Thomas Fisher coming out, with a railway-rug and Bradshaw in one hand, and a Gladstone bag in the other. In the same hand as the Bradshaw was a brown-bound novel.

After the usual banalities Fisher broke out, holding up the book.

"I say; seen this? It's all the go, I'm told. I've just this moment bought it. It's by old Lundy. You remember old Lundy, surely," seeing a doubtful look come into the other's face. "You met him in my rooms once or twice, don't you remember? If he makes a good thing out of it he ought to go shares with me, for I gave him all the ideas, though I never thought he'd use them; it was only my joke."

"Yes," answered his friend, in a subdued sort of way, "so he told me."

"Deuce he did! I should have thought he'd have kept that dark!"

The man looked at him curiously.

"Haven't you heard about Lundy, Fisher?" he asked.

"Heard?—no—what? Have you seen him lately?"

"I met him about eight months ago. He told me you'd played him some trick about that novel; he seemed half daft about it. I didn't much like the look of him when he left me. And next day the poor chap was found cut to pieces on a railway line out Acton way. When the book came out—but how is it you don't know? There's a note by the publishers explaining all about it, and all the papers say it beats 'Chloe' into a cocked hat. Same ideas all better done, you know, and——"

Fisher had stood like one stunned, his fat face livid.

"Good God!" he cried, interrupting the flow of words he did not hear, "on the railway? You don't mean to say——"

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"They brought it in 'Accidental Death,'" he said. FABIAN BLAND.

---

From The Fortnightly Review.  
ROGER BACON.

(A FORGOTTEN SON OF OXFORD.)

"OXFORD," says Dr. Folliott, in Peacock's tale of "Crotchet Castle," "was a seat of learning in the days of Friar Bacon. But the friar is gone, and his learning with him. Nothing of him is left but the immortal nose, which, when his brazen head had tumbled to pieces, crying 'Time's past,' was the only palpable fragment among its minutely pulverized atoms, and which is still resplendent over the portals of its cognominal college. That nose, sir, is the only thing to which I shall take off my hat in all this Babylon of buried literature." Few, probably, of the athletic youths who pass through the gate of Brasenose imitate the example of Dr. Folliott, or have any idea of the historical incidents to which the reverend doctor is here making allusion. If they keep the brazen emblem of which they are so justly proud on the bows of their racing craft on the river, or suspended on the walls of their rooms, they do not connect it with that strange and wonderful head of brass which Roger Bacon constructed, with the aid of Friar Bungay, to speak to him in mystic and oracular tones of things past and present and to come. Friar Bacon's study, which was only demolished a

century ago, was situated on the old Folly Bridge; and an engraving of it can be found in Skelton's "Oxonia Antiqua." In the civil wars it seems to have been used as a post of observation, but originally it had been the scene, according to popular report, of those arts of necromancy and magic with which Bacon amused himself in the thirteenth century. The story went that the brazen head was once consulted by Bungay and Bacon as to the best means of rendering England impregnable. For a long time the head was silent, and when at last the answer came, the monks, busy with some other devilry, did not hear the oracle. Wood, in his "Antiquities of Oxford," discusses with quaint gravity whether Bacon did or did not receive diabolical assistance in his manufactures. "Some imagined," he says, "that Bacon was in alliance with the Evil One, and that by the aid of spiritual agency he made a brazen head, and imparted to it the gift of speech; and these magical operations, as Bale states by mistake, were wrought by him whilst he was a student at Brazen Nose Hall. Whether he did this by the powers of natural magic is for the present a question. Certainly John Ernest Burgravius, in a work on these subjects, contends that Bacon was indebted to celestial influences and to the power of sympathy, for these operations. To this he refers the talking statues (*statue Mercuriales*) . . . However it was, I am certainly of opinion that the Devil had nothing to do with them. They were produced by Bacon's great skill in mechanics, and his knowledge of the power of electricity, and not, as the ignorant and even the better-informed surmised, molten and forged in an infernal furnace." But it was no wonder that Bacon was subjected to such damaging suppositions, for such was the ignorance of the convents and hostleries that the monks and friars "knew no more of a circle than its property of keeping away evil spirits, and they dreaded lest religion itself should be wounded by the angles of a triangle."

It is strange that Oxford and England should for five centuries have been so far incurious about one of her greatest sons that it was only in 1733 that the first edition of the "Opus Majus" was published by Dr. Samuel Jebb. The facts even of Bacon's life are wrapped in obscurity. He seems to have been born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, about 1214, and to have been educated at Brasenose College in Oxford, although Merton College has also laid claim to the honor of his youthful



learning. It was the custom of promising students of the University of Oxford to proceed to Paris, and Bacon's progress in theology and mathematics secured him the degree of doctor in divinity, besides the honor of being held by the Parisians as the ornament of their university. Either on his return to England, or at an earlier date, he entered the convent of the Franciscan order, perhaps at the persuasion of the celebrated Grost te, Bishop of Lincoln. It was the time when Henry III. was waging doubtful war with De Montfort and his barons, and Bacon and his family had been stout partisans of the king. Nevertheless, Robert Bacon (probably uncle of the philosopher) had not hesitated to tell Henry that peace between himself and the barons was impossible unless Pierre Desroches, Bishop of Winchester, was banished from his counsels; and the young Roger Bacon added (according to the chronicle of Matthew Paris) that the king had to beware of the self-same dangers which sailors incur on the sea, viz., "pierres" and "roches," thus alluding by a bold witticism to the hated Bishop of Winchester. In the year 1263 or 1264 an intervention on the part of Pope Urban IV. indirectly led to the composition of Bacon's chief works. Guy de Foulques, Urban's ambassador on this occasion, was informed by a clerk, named Raymond of Laon, of the friar's learning and his discoveries; and, when he himself afterwards became pope, under the name of Clement IV., wrote a letter requesting that some detailed account should be sent him of these philosophical achievements. "In order that we may better know your intentions," the prelate wrote, "we will and we ordain, in the name of our apostolical authority, that, despite all contrary injunction of any prelate whatsoever, or any constitution of your order, you should send us with all possible speed a fair copy (*scriptum de bona litera*) of that work which we begged you to communicate to our dear son Raymond of Laon, when we were legate." It was in answer to this appeal that Bacon wrote, in the midst of every kind of difficulty and discouragement, the "Opus Majus," the "Opus Minus," and the "Opus Tertium," in the almost incredibly short space of fifteen or eighteen months (1267).

How great the difficulty, how overwhelming the discouragement, we can learn from what Bacon himself tells us in the early portion of the "Opus Tertium." The pope was wrong in supposing that writings had already been composed by

Bacon on science. Such was not the case, for his superiors, so far from encouraging him, had strictly prohibited him from writing, "under penalty of forfeiture of the book, and many days' fasting on bread and water, if any book written by me or belonging to my house should be communicated to strangers. Nor could I get a fair copy made except by employing transcribers unconnected with our order; and then they would have copied my works to serve themselves or others, without any regard to my wishes, as authors' works are often pirated by the knavery of transcribers at Paris." Further, it was in vain to plead the cause of science amongst men who were either indifferent or openly contemptuous and hostile. The worst thing of all was the want of money. "For I had to expend over this business more than sixty French livres, a true account of which I will hereafter set forth. I am not surprised that you did not think of these expenses, because seated on a pinnacle of the world you have so many things to think about that no one can properly gauge the anxieties of your mind. But the messengers who carried the letter were wrong not to make some mention of my needs, and they themselves would not spend a single penny, although I told them that I would write to you a full account of their loans, and that every one should get back what he lent to me. I have no money, as you know, nor can I have, nor in consequence can I borrow, because I have got no surety to offer. I sent, therefore, to my brother, but he, because of his loyalty to the king's cause, has been so pauperized, by constantly having to ransom himself out of the hands of his enemies, that he could give me no assistance, nor indeed have I ever had any answer from him up to this day." Bacon then turned to many men in high station, some of whom, as he bitterly adds, the pope knew by their faces, but whose minds he did not know. "But how often was I looked upon as a shameless beggar! (*improbus*). How often was I repulsed! How often I was put off, and what confusion I felt within myself! Distressed above all that can be imagined, I compelled my friends, even those who were in necessitous circumstances, to contribute what they had, to sell much of their property, to pawn the rest, to raise money at interest. And yet by reason of their poverty frequently did I abandon the work, frequently did I give it up in despair and forbear to proceed, so that had I known that you had not taken thought of all these expenses, for the



whole world I would not have proceeded with it; sooner would I have given myself up to prison." To prison Bacon was actually sent, and perhaps more than once by those who were either jealous or afraid of him. Hieronymus de Asculo, who was made general of the order in 1274, is said to have committed him to prison because his doctrines contained *aliquas novitates suspectas*. Wood says that he appealed to Nicholas IV., but Pope Nicholas IV. was no other than Hieronymus himself, who succeeded Johannes Caietanus, Nicholas III., and the result of such an appeal could not be doubtful. He appears, however, to have been subsequently released by Raymond Galfred, and to have survived Nicholas by some months. He died when nearly eighty years old, on the feast of St. Barnabas, and was buried at the Grey Friars' church in Oxford.

Not only was his body committed to the dust, but his writings also, for it seems that means were taken to prevent any of his works from becoming known and read. Long enough was the period of their burial. From the thirteenth century we have to pass to the eighteenth to find the first edition of Bacon's capital work. It was in 1733 that Dr. Samuel Jebb published and dedicated to Dr. Mead the "Opus Majus," the editor himself being the father of that Sir Richard Jebb, the physician, who figures in the pages of Boswell's Johnson. Then another century had to elapse before any further notice was taken of Bacon. In 1848, M. Victor Cousin discovered in the library at Douai a manuscript which turned out to be Bacon's "Opus Tertium," and published an account of it in the *Journal des Savants*, though he was not at the time aware that there was also a copy at the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The only copy of the "Opus Minus," or at least of a portion of it, is also in the Bodleian, and was edited for the Rolls Series by Professor Brewer in 1859, who included in his volume the treatise which he calls "Compendium Philosophiæ," taken from a MS. in the British Museum. Of more recent commentaries on Bacon, we are only able to mention two, one by Professor J. K. Ingram at Dublin, the other by a Bordeaux *savant*, M. Emile Charles.\* While his namesake, Francis Bacon, has received perhaps more than his meed of attention in England, the earlier and the more original thinker still remains in much of the

obscurity to which he was condemned by contemporary fanaticism.

There is, indeed, a striking parallelism between the two English reformers, not only in their general attitude towards mediæval thought, but also even in the details of literary expression. Perhaps no phrase of Francis Bacon is better known than the apophthegmatic utterance, "Antiquitas seculi juvenus mundi," which appears in the "De Augmentis Scientiarum." But his namesake had forestalled him. "We are told," says Roger Bacon, "that we ought to respect the ancients; and no doubt the ancients are worthy of all respect and gratitude for having opened out the proper path for us. But after all the ancients were only men, and they have often been mistaken; indeed, they have committed all the more errors just because they are ancients, for in matters of learning *the youngest are in reality the oldest*; modern generations ought to surpass their predecessors, because they inherit their labors." An equally well-known doctrine of Lord Verulam is that in which he recounts in the "Novum Organum" the "idola," or false presuppositions which hinder the path of knowledge. But the Franciscan monk had already detailed certain "offendicula," or stumbling-blocks to truth, some of which can be compared with those mentioned by the later writer. Both the Bacons were agreed in their admiration of Seneca; both thought that the removal of obstacles out of the way of science was a task worthy of kings. None but a pope or an emperor, or some magnificent king like Louis IX., is sufficient for these things, is the observation of Roger Bacon; and the writer of the "Advancement" remarks that the removal of obstacles is an "Opus Basilicum." Here, too, is a remarkable instance. "Utilitas enim illarum (*i.e.*, scientiarum) non traditur in eis sed exterius expectatur," says the author of the "Opus Tertium;" and Francis Bacon almost translates the words in his fiftieth essay: "For they (studies or sciences) teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them won by observation." The following sentences, taken from the "Opus Tertium" of Roger Bacon, might well have come from the writings of the lord chancellor: "I call experimental science that which neglects arguments, for the strongest arguments prove nothing so long as the conclusions are not verified by experience." "Experimental science is the queen of the sciences and the goal of all speculation." Just as the "Novum Organum"

\* M. Emile Saisset has also written a chapter on Bacon in his "Descartes: ses précurseurs et ses disciples."

distinguishes between two kinds of experience—the unmethodical, which is “*mera palpato*,” and that which is based on system and method—so, too, does Roger Bacon. “There is,” he says, “a natural and imperfect experience which has no knowledge of its own power, which does not take account of its own proceedings, and which is after the fashion of artisans and not of the learned. Above it, and above all the speculative sciences and all the arts, there is the art of making experiences which are neither powerless nor incomplete.”\* But the monk saw clearly what the chancellor did not always recognize, that this methodical experience depended essentially on the knowledge and use of mathematical formulæ. “Physicists ought to know that their science is powerless unless they apply to it the power of mathematics, without which observation languishes and is incapable of certitude,” is the emphatic declaration of the “*Opus Majus*.” The value of method, and of a method which was formed after a mathematical model, is as patent to Roger Bacon as it was long afterwards to Descartes. Here, for instance, in the first chapter of the “*Compendium Philosophiæ*” are sentences, which are full of the spirit of the “*Discours de la Méthode*”: “Universal knowledge requires the most perfect method. This method consists in such a careful arrangement of the different elements of a problem that the antecedent should come before the consequent, the more easy before the more difficult, the general before the particular, the less before the greater. The shortness of life further requires that we should choose for our study the most useful objects; and we ought, in fine, to exhibit knowledge with all clearness and certitude, without taint of doubt and obscurity. Now all this is impossible without experience. For we have, as means of knowledge, authority, reasoning, and experience. But authority is valueless unless its warranty be shown; it does not explain, it only forces us to believe. And so far as reasoning is concerned, we cannot distinguish between sophism and proof unless we verify the conclusion by experience and practice.” Francis Bacon could not have penned more vigorous utterances than these.

It is true that the later thinker is more wroth with Aristotle; but Roger Bacon also exhibits his impatience of the scholastic yoke. “It is only half a century

ago,” he cries, “that Aristotle was suspected of impiety and banished from the schools. To-day he is raised to the rank of a sovereign. But what is his title? Learned he undoubtedly is, but he does not know everything. He did what was possible for his times, but he has not reached the limits of wisdom.” But what especially vexed his scholarly mind was that the very Aristotle to whom appeal was so constantly made as arbiter of all disputes was not known in his original tongue, but only through miserably defective and misleading translations. Reformer as he was at heart, Roger Bacon thought that a real comparative grammar was one of the most pressing needs. He has much magisterial scorn for the scholars of his day. Both in the “*Compendium Philosophiæ*” (c. 8) and in the “*Opus Tertium*” (c. 10), he delivers his mind with great plainness of speech on this subject: “We have numerous translations by Gerard of Cremona, Michael Scot, Alfred the Englishman, Herman the German, and William Fleming, but there is such an utter falsity in all their writings that none can sufficiently wonder at it. For a translation to be true, it is necessary that a translator should know the language from which he is translating, the language into which he translates, and the science he wishes to translate. But who is he? and I will praise him, for he has done marvellous things. Certainly none of the above-named had any true knowledge of the tongues or the sciences, as is clear, not from their translations only, but their condition of life. All were alive in my time; some in their youth contemporaries with Gerard of Cremona, who was somewhat more advanced in years among them. Herman the German, who was very intimate with Gerard, is still alive and a bishop. When I questioned him about certain books of logic, which he had to translate from the Arabic, he roundly told me that he knew nothing of logic, and therefore did not dare to translate them; and certainly, if he was unacquainted with logic, he could know nothing of other sciences as he ought. Nor did he understand Arabic, as he confessed, because he was rather an assistant in the translations than the real translator. For he kept Saracens about him in Spain, who had a principal hand in his translations. And so of the rest, especially the notorious William Fleming, who is now in such reputation. Whereas it is well known to all the literati in Paris that he is ignorant of the sciences in the original Greek to

\* *Opus Tertium*, cap. 13.

which he makes such pretensions; and therefore he translates falsely and corrupts the philosophy of the Latins." Elsewhere Bacon declares that there are not five men in Latin Christendom who are acquainted with the Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic grammars. He knew them well, he adds, for he had made diligent inquiry on both sides of the sea, and had himself labored much in these things. How, under such circumstances, could there be any real knowledge of Aristotle? Only a few of his many works remained, and they were mutilated. The "*Organon*" had considerable lacunæ. The "*History of Animals*" had originally fifty books; in the Latin versions there are only nineteen. Only ten books of the "*Metaphysics*" had been preserved, and in the commonly used translation a crowd of chapters and an infinity of lines were missing. But even of these fragments is there any knowledge? Men read them, but only in the Latin translations, which are miserably executed and full of errors. "I am certain," says Bacon, "that it would have been better for the Latin world if Aristotle had not been translated at all than that it should have such an obscure and corrupt version of him." Therefore Robert Grosstête was right, he thinks, to neglect Aristotle altogether and write on his own account, making use of his own experience; and he especially refers to the bishop's treatises on comets and the rainbow. Hence Bacon attempts with minute accuracy to prosecute philosophical studies, and in the "*Compendium Philosophiæ*" is to be found a specimen of Greek palæography, "the earliest in all probability extant in Western Christendom."\* In his treatise on comparative grammar, the MS. of which exists in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, he wrote a short Greek accident with a paradigm of the verb *τίνα*.

Neither in logic nor in metaphysics is Bacon's work so valuable as in mathematics and science. He seems, indeed, not to have been a philosopher in the sense in which the term might be applicable to Bruno or perhaps Campanella, but he had a true insight into many scientific problems and a rare genius for invention, in which he is far superior to his more modern namesake. In logic he seems to have been a nominalist, though hardly in so pronounced a manner as William of Ockham, while he is on the side of modern

philosophy in his dislike of scholastic subtleties and abstractions and his disbelief in the so-called sensible and intelligible species. But though it may be doubtful whether he did or did not invent gunpowder, it seems clear that he either actually discovered or very much improved the telescope and the microscope; and like Descartes, he made a study of refractions of light, and produced a theory of the rainbow. Moreover, his knowledge of the delicate mechanism of the eye, and the precision with which he described and analyzed its various component parts, form a remarkable evidence of his scientific ingenuity.

But perhaps his chief title to fame is the reform of the calendar, which he proposed to Pope Clement IV., and which was never carried out till 1582 under Gregory XIII. "Since the time of Julius Cæsar," he says, "errors in the calendar have been steadily increasing, despite the attempted corrections of the Nicæan Council and of Eusebius, Victorinus, Cyrillus, and Bede. These errors arise from a faulty evaluation of the year, which Cæsar estimates to consist of 365½ days, so that a whole day is intercalated every four years. But the length of the solar year is really less than this by about eleven minutes; so that at the end of one hundred and thirty years a day too much has been counted, and this day should be cut off at the end of such a period. Nor are the moon's quarters rightly estimated by the Church. At the end of 356 years we shall be wrong by a whole day, and at the end of 4,266 years the moon will be full in the heavens while it will be marked new on the calendar." "A reform is necessary," Bacon tells the pope; "every one who is instructed in calculation and astronomy knows it very well, and laughs at the ignorance of priests, who keep things as they are." Arabians, Hebrews, and Greeks are horrified at the stupidity which is shown by Christians in their chronology, and in the celebration of their solemn days. And yet Christians have enough astronomical knowledge to arrive at a fixed basis for calculation. Only let your Reverence give orders, and you will find men to remedy these faults, not only those of which I have spoken, but others besides. If this glorious work were to be accomplished in the time of your Holiness one of the greatest, best, and most perfect enterprises would be accomplished which have been attempted in the Church of God."

The last sentence in the quotation just

\* Brewer, R. Bacon: *Opera Inedita*; introduction, p. lxiii.

given strikes a note which is never absent in Roger Bacon and which rings in consonance with his age. Sometimes Bacon is spoken of as a sceptic and a revolutionary, as a man who antedated Luther or was in full revolt like Vanini or Bruno. Nothing is further from the truth. He had a keen eye for the workings of nature, and in many respects possessed a real instinct for science; but he was also a monk, not only because he could not help himself, but also because such a life was in accordance with his nature, and satisfied some of his personal instincts. Hence no scepticism is allowed to touch the revealed truths of religion, and his inquiries only have their scope within the range of secondary and mechanical causes. He believes that philosophy can do nothing against the truth but only for the truth. He is not a hardy metaphysician, who will let his thoughts carry him without reserve to the secret fountains of being; but in the spirit of the scholastic, he regards the active intelligence of Aristotle as equivalent to the Word of God, who is the second person of the Trinity. Nor does he fail to reproduce some of the characteristic superstitions of the Middle Ages. He, too, has a faith in alchemy, he accepts the influence of the stars, he even anticipates the modern magic of mesmerism.\* He, too, will try to find the philosopher's stone and the secret of a life which exceeds the normal measure of man. What he had done in science seems but an earnest of what science can do; and there is at once scientific faith and childish credulity in his anticipations of the future. Listen to the Franciscan of the thirteenth century as he forecasts in his cell the possibilities of a coming age: "There shall be rowing without oars and sailing without sails; carriages which shall roll along with unimagined speed with no cattle to drag them; instruments to fly with, with which a man shall by a spring move artificial wings beating the air like the wings of birds; a little mechanism three fingers long, which shall raise or lower enormous weights; a machine to enable a man to walk on the bottom of the sea and over the surface of waves without danger, and bridges over rivers which shall rest neither on piles nor columns." So Bacon dreams in his treatise, "*De Mirabili*," but it was a dream which was full of the instinctive prophecy of genius.

W. L. COURTNEY.

\* *Opus Majus*, Douai edition, p. 251. *Opus Tertium*, cap. 27.

From Murray's Magazine.

## THE MINISTER OF KINDRACH.

### CHAPTER I.

THE Dewars were very important people in Kindrach. Not that their importance lay much on the outward and visible surface of things; it was not an importance born of wealth, power, or influence — it lay deeper. To a casual observer it was not apparent, the Dewar abode being small and humble, the Dewar family being small and humble also, consisting of a widow and three daughters, unsupported by any strengthening outposts in the way of male Dewars. Yet in Kindrach the Dewars were important people. How this came to be even the Kindrach folk might have been puzzled to explain, though there was no doing away with the fact. The small family in the small cottage were regarded as beings from a higher sphere — inhabitants of another world condescending to breathe the (to them) grosser atmosphere of Kindrach.

The late Mr. Dewar had been a writer to the signet; they had, until the last seven years or so, resided (Mrs. Dewar seldom said lived) in Edinburgh; the three Miss Dewars were highly educated, and thoroughly finished — that is, the two eldest played duets from "*Il Trovatore*." One, Lesbia, could paint things on rice-paper which bore a distinct resemblance to flowers; and Kate had two French songs in her portfolio which she sang as easily as if they were Scotch ballads. Silvia was younger, and though possibly as talented as her elder sisters, she had not had their advantages and opportunities, but she shone in the light thrown by their reflection, and also in the light emanating from her own exceeding prettiness and superiority of appearance. There was no one in Kindrach quite so pretty as Silvia Dewar.

But perhaps the greatest radiance flung over the Dewar family arose from the fact that Mrs. Dewar had been a Miss Jamieson, a daughter of a captain in the army. There was no one in Kindrach could boast such a pedigree. Besides — to give every possible point in explanation of their importance — it was also known to an initiated few, that Mrs. Dewar's sister, another Miss Jamieson, was the wife of no less a personage than Alexander Porter, the great jute-merchant of Glasgow, who had grown too great for even Glasgow; grown so great, in fact, that London alone could contain him and his family.

Mrs. Dewar and her daughters had

come to Kindrach merely for the summer, and had drifted into a permanent residence there almost imperceptibly. Mrs. Dewar (*née* Miss Jamieson) found the importance gathered about her very sweet. In their best days — when the writer to the signet was alive, and Lesbia and Kate in the full enjoyment of their intellectual pursuits — they had never been so regarded. Edinburgh accorded no distinction to the Dewars because the mother had been a Miss Jamieson. Indeed, excluding a small circle of humdrum folk living like themselves in semi-detached villas in the vicinity of View Forth, Edinburgh can scarcely be said to have recognized the existence of the Dewars. Mrs. Muir, the minister's aunt, who lived with him and her daughter Janet at the Manse, had at first perhaps taken up a hypercritical attitude with regard to the Dewars; but this had faded away and toned down to match the general opinion so far as to agree sufficiently warmly that they were an "acquiescence." It had been a blow to her when her nephew David went courting Silvia, but before the final engagement took place she came to agree in this also with general opinion that the minister had been "verra" much in luck's way to secure "sic a bonnie wife" — or, to be more accurate, the "troth-plight o' winsome Silvia Dewar."

There were some who thought that the minister's cousin, Janet Muir, would have been a more suitable match. She was nearer his age, being twenty-seven; they had lived under the same roof for many years, ever since old Mrs. Fairfax died, and her widowed sister Mrs. Muir came to look after David's interests, bringing her only child Janet with her — therefore they must have grown into fullest knowledge of each other's ways. All Kindrach knew the virtues of Janet Muir; she was a thrifty, hard-working, thoughtful, soft-voiced woman, with good looks and gentle ways; the sort of body in whose hands a man might feel safe and his house sure. But David Fairfax perhaps knew all this too well to fall into any deeper feeling than a very warm brotherly affection for his sweet-looking cousin. On her side matters were different. When Silvia was brought to the manse and proudly reintroduced by David to his aunt and Janet in her new character as "my affianced wife and future helpmeet," the blow to Janet was great indeed, and very bitter; she realized at that moment that her affection for David was not sisterly in character. But it made no perceptible change

in her life. She did not lose her soft bright color, or grow thin and peevish; she did not find the day's work harder to get through, or life generally more difficult to live. Only some of the content and peace left her quiet mind, and things looked greyer and more monotonous. Her mother talked at first incessantly about this new development in their affairs, but Janet, with that great reserve and patient acceptance of the inevitable belonging to her purely Scotch nature, added no comments of her own to her mother's outcry. The marriage was not to take place until a full year after the betrothal; Silvia would then be twenty-one, and some small sum of money left by the late writer to the signet would then be at her disposal; this Mrs. Dewar calculated would pay all incidental wedding expenses; the reason given to Kindrach world at large being Silvia's youth and inexperience.

Meanwhile, the future Mrs. Fairfax was supposed to be gaining this lacking experience in daily visits to the manse, where she hindered rather than helped Janet churn butter and work up dough for the week's bake, and dabbled about in wash-tubs, and messed the minister's white bands in vain endeavors to grasp the mysteries of clear-starching. Mrs. Muir good-naturedly showed her how to make porridge, and scones, and wonderful buns black with richness, and flaky-white, crisp biscuits. Though Silvia never got a definite knowledge from these spectacles, she was always much impressed by Mrs. Muir's skill, and pleased that excellent woman vastly by her openly expressed wonder and admiration. Indeed, Silvia pleased every one she came in contact with. They all grew fond of the merry, bright, childish little thing, who appealed to them so constantly, and admired all they did so frankly, and was always so willing to confess her own ignorance, and so desirous to learn of their wisdom.

Silvia Dewar at this time was supremely happy. It was delightful to have the run of the manse, its solid comfort and exquisite cleanliness were so satisfying, in contrast with their somewhat shifty penurious existence at the cottage. It was delightful also to have secured the most prominent man in Kindrach; to have all the people looking at, and whispering about her with an increased reverence — and a reverence arising from admiration of her powers apart from the family dignity. She felt she really had done something to be proud of. Lesbia and Kate, she knew, envied and were even a little jealous of



her good fortune, and her mother openly expressed her extreme satisfaction. Yes, taken altogether, it was undeniably the most satisfying experience she, Silvia, had known. Kindrach bounded her horizon. She had been perhaps thirteen when they first came, but the past had faded swiftly from her light remembrance. It was also, if not the most satisfying experience David Fairfax had known, yet ranked by him as one of his prominent successes. Taken altogether, he told himself, his life hitherto had been "no so verra unsuccessful!" This tone of complacent satisfaction was perhaps justifiable reviewing the thirty two or three years he had lived. His father had been a small farmer, styling himself "laird," on the strength of the possession of his few acres. David was an only child, and the "laird" had ambitious promptings, "the laddie should be a minister and preacher of the Word." From a heavy uninteresting child, David passed into a heavy, uninteresting youth, and from that on into a heavy but not wholly uninteresting man. He labored doggedly through his career at the Edinburgh University — poor, ignorant, and alone. Proud of the sufferings he endured whilst there, but prouder of the knowledge and learning he had wrested from his Alma Mater with such painful toil, he had fought single-handed with poverty and physical privation, fought single-handed also with his lack of early training, and the almost insurmountable disadvantage of little or no foundation of knowledge to build upon such as lads usually lay at public schools, but in the end, he, David Fairfax, climbed to the highest summit of his ambition, and returned as conqueror to Kindrach, dogmatic, assertive, calmly imbued with a firm belief in himself, and thoroughly self-satisfied. He took up work at first as assistant to their old minister, but soon, through the death of the old man, had the pastorate in his own hands. His father had died long before this came to pass, his mother he did not remember; Aunt Muir stood almost in that relationship to him, having come to his father's house, on the death of her sister, when David was a "bit laddie" and Janet a wee maiden. She was the widow of another small farmer, who had left her some fifty acres adjoining the Fairfax pastures. In agreeing to form a common household they did a wise thing, for David subsequently proved an excellent farmer as well as minister, and Mrs. Muir was a notable housewife, the combination of their two needs forming a complete and

harmonious whole. His engagement to Silvia Dewar was viewed by David as another success; he was thinking of it when he turned to Janet, and remarked exultingly, —

"Mah life has been no so verra unsuccessful!" He spoke with a strong accent, in keeping with his wide Scotch face and loose, powerful figure; not a handsome face or figure, the features of both being too unformed and heavily put together. There was no beauty about his striding legs and swinging arms, the legs were too short, and the arms too long; and though his shoulders were broad, they hung forward, and detracted from his height, which was not great. His mouth was large and firm, and he wore his short, thick, black moustache and beard cut so as to fringe both mouth and chin, the latter being clean shaven. His eyes were clear, steady, honest, and grey; his forehead abrupt, the line of his jaw firm and powerful, his hands large, and his feet ungainly.

"Mah life has been no so verra unsuccessful!" he repeated, as Janet made no observation.

He raised his tones, and allowed them to fall slowly at the end of the words with a melancholy, drawing cadence — characteristic, but wholly impossible to reproduce on paper.

"Look now!" he continued, proceeding to check off his successes on the fingers of his hand, beginning with the broad, flat, stubborn-looking thumb. "There was mah univarsitee career!" A look of proud self-congratulation was in his eye and in the emphatic tap he gave his thumb.

"Eh, but that was fine!" murmured Janet, with soft energy, laying his grey sock she was darning on her knee, and looking up at him with answering pride in her gentle eyes.

"Ah'm no saying ah couldn't have done better, and ah'm no saying ah couldn't have done worse," he went on argumentatively; "there are men possibly who might have made more of their opportunities, and there are men who couldn't have done what ah did. Ah just take the place between these twa extremes, and on the whole it was satisfactory. Then the farm has prospered in mah hands," he added, touching his first finger.

"It has that!" interjected Janet emphatically.

"And," he continued, laying hold of his middle finger, while a softer light and a gentler expression spread about the corners of his eyes and firm lips, and his tone



became insensibly less self-assertive — "there's the wark o' the ministry, wherein, hitherto, God has abundantly blessed me, both with holy thoughts and a power o' expression."

"Ay, ay," assented Janet earnestly. "Eh, but it's a wonderful gift! I sit in kirk whiles pondering, and wondering how ye can pray and preach wi' such stirring power. God has chosen ye for a great and good work, David."

David Fairfax paused a moment.

"And yet it's the one point in which ah feel less personal power, Janet, mah woman, if ye can understand," he said presently, still holding his middle finger thoughtfully. "Ah wrestle and pray mightily for greater freedom, for more confidence — but it's withholden yet a while. The Sabbath discourses are a labor to me, and the words of prayer come to me in kirk ah know not how, whiles ah fear they may fail utterly." A gloomy look gathered in the lines of his forehead.

"Ay, but they hanna failed yet, either in fulness of expression or beauty of thought," Janet hastened to say with swift tact; "dinna fash your mind wi' thoughts like yon, David."

"Ow, ay, such an argument is what one might have expectit frae a woman," he said with a little harmless scorn, but his brow cleared nevertheless. "Ye and your kind have no been gifted greatly wi' reason and logic."

"Nay, I ken naething aboot they gran' things," Janet returned with cheerful humility. "Men mostly get all the book-learning — wommin are content with what they can pick up whiles."

David smiled, not ill-pleased by this little tribute laid at the shrine of man's superiority, and tapped his fourth and weakest finger lightly — almost gaily; with a ponderous gaiety, and a lightness only light by comparison with his usual heaviness.

"Do ye no ken what that stands for?" he asked. "Mah fourth success! — it's just Silvia!" Here the man resumed all his old satisfaction of manner.

"A bonnie lass! a real leddy! and one willing to mek hersel just whatever ah please."

Janet's head was bent over her work and her eyes fixed steadily on the needle she was skiifully using — perhaps this was why she made no rejoinder.

"Nay, nay; I repeat mah life has been no so verra unsuccessful, thanks be to God," he added, with a strange mixture of boastfulness and humility.

It was in April that Mrs. Dewar received one of the periodical communications from her sister, Mrs. Alexander Porter. There had been a slender thread of intercourse kept up between them, such as an interchange of occasional letters and photographs of one or other of their children. This last epistle from Mrs. Porter was in acknowledgment of a photo of Silvia taken a little while before her engagement, a copy having been forwarded to the great relations in London. In addition to thanks for the photo, Mrs. Porter expressed a wish that Silvia would pay them a visit, and knowing her sister's pecuniary resources were not great, she offered very kindly to pay all the girl's expenses. It was not an invitation to be lightly regarded or set aside; even David saw its importance. With shrewd Scotch foresight he had no desire that his future wife should be wholly cut off from relatives so powerful — standing so well before the world as the Porters. And though their engagement was but a new and recent experience, in the full flush and radiance of its first quarter, he agreed with Mrs. Dewar that Silvia should go.

The matter was soon arranged. There were expeditions to the nearest big town, twelve miles off, to purchase a couple of new and fashionable dresses for the delighted Silvia, and various other little additions to her extremely slender wardrobe; David driving them himself each time across the moors in his spring cart, and entering solemnly into their anxious consultations respecting color, texture, and style. Indeed the whole of Kindrach was greatly stirred by this event. It was so wonderful to hear of any in their midst, one of themselves, thinking of taking that "awfu' journey!" Edinburgh was the extremest limit, the furthest flight their imagination could picture; but London! it was indeed unheard of. They began making little presents to the girl, as if she were going on a far journey to a distant land. Mrs. Muir expressed her sense of the solemnity and importance of the event by calling her friends together on the last evening to meet Mrs. Dewar and her daughters.

"No a party," she said in bidding them to the feast, "but just a bit merry-making to hearten up Siller and bid her good-bye and God-speed."

Aunt Muir always spoke of David's future wife as Siller. Janet also used this easier pronunciation, and David even had fallen into the habit.

It was a very informal little gathering,

the principal feature of the entertainment being the ponderous tea; Mrs. Muir and Janet having exhausted their skill (and themselves) in preparation of the various delicacies with which the table was spread. After tea, music and old-fashioned games, with a plentiful intermixture of talk, passed the time successfully. Kate Dewar sang her two French songs, and she and Lesbia played their duets from "Il Trovatore;" while Mrs. Dewar sat in the chair of state by the fire, with her feet on the white sheepskin rug, complacently proud of her daughters and their prominence; and Aunt Muir sat opposite and beamed across at Mrs. Dewar, nodding her head, and moving her hands in time to the music with an air of knowing all about it and being thoroughly able to appreciate talent when thus brought under her notice. Janet stepped quietly about, and saw to every one's necessities, like a gentle, noiseless spirit of good-will, in her soft grey homespun — her Sabbath gown donned for this great occasion.

When they had all gone except the Dewars — who stood clustering round the open fireplace talking everything and everybody over with Aunt Muir, David, who had left them for a little, now returned, carrying a small box which he unfasted as he walked across the floor.

"It's mah mother's watch," he said, detaching Silvia from the group; he said it solemnly, and reverently looked at the large, old-fashioned, double-cased time-keeper lying in the palm of his hand.

"Yes?" said Silvia a little eagerly, hoping he intended it as a present for herself. "Yes?" she said, looking up into his face interrogatively.

"And now it's yours," he said, laying her hand over the watch, and closing both between his. "Mah mother's and mah wife's." The strong lines of his face grew soft, and his eyes very tender as he looked down into the pretty girlish face. Yet he added with caution, —

"See now you're verra carefu' o' it an' dinna get smashing the spring or scratching the surface; and have a bit pocket put in your gowns, where it'll be safe and handy to get at."

"Yes, oh yes!" said Silvia obediently.

It was this obedience David Fairfax found so satisfactory about Silvia.

"She's just as docile, an' easy to manage as a whippet hound," he once remarked triumphantly.

"The chain I gave to Janet," he added, "but a ribbon will answer the purpose just perfectly well."

"Oh, what a pity!" pouted Silvia. "A real watch wants a real chain — perhaps Janet would lend me hers?"

"You'll not ask her," he said authoritatively, "ribbon is all that is required." He returned the watch to its box as he spoke. "Keep it verra safe," he repeated, giving it into Silvia's hands.

Janet, leaning a little wearily against the high, roughly carved supports of the mantelshef, overheard this little colloquy. Her heart beat perhaps a little quicker as she saw the watch transferred to Silvia, for when the chain came into her possession she had felt a dim sweet hope that David's mother's watch would be hers too some day. Now? — well, now it was Silvia Dewar's, and she might as well have the chain also. So thinking, she slipped away, and passed swiftly up the narrow stairway to her dark, dimity-hung chamber. She struck no light, for she knew the position of everything in the room by heart; groping in the recesses of an old oak press she found what she was looking for without difficulty — a small wooden box, dark with age, and clamped at the corners with roughly beaten brass-work. This she carried to the window, and drawing aside the white curtains to admit more light, she stood it on the sill. Unlocking it, she took out a little parcel wrapped in soft paper; the outer covering and a layer of cotton-wool being removed, a long, thin, thread-like chain of gold lay in her hand.

The moon outside flooded the place with pale radiance; the clump of pines — just where the straggling paths and flowerbeds of the bit of ground designated by the name of garden met and were swallowed up by the rolling, lonely moor — stood a dark mass in clear relief, the sharp stiff heads of the trees silently rearing themselves against a background of silver light, across which the moon drifted; its pure, perfect outline untouched by the cloudy mist which hung softly like the folds of gossamer fairy curtains round and about this space of light.

"It's all he ever gave me," she thought, looking at the slender chain wistfully. "But it seems to me it belongs to Siller, now, with — all the rest."

She did not kiss it or weep over it, she only very carefully rubbed it on the soft surface of her best gown and wrapped it up neatly, tying it with a bit of ribbon — making quite a festive little parcel of her one valued possession which she was parting with now forever.

She slipped it into Silvia's hand when saying good-bye, murmuring, "It's just a

bit chain which belongs to the watch David gave ye the night."

## CHAPTER II.

"DID you ever, my dear May, see anything quite so deliciously quaint and out of date?"

Miss Harding put up her long-handled eyeglass and took another exhaustive survey of the newly arrived Silvia, sitting at the other end of the long drawing-room beside her aunt, enduring a painful experience of acute discomfort. Everything was terrible; she could lay hold, as yet, of no crumb of comfort. No 54, Lancaster Gate, awed and distressed her beyond expression; she was conscious of being all wrong, of looking totally unlike her cousin May, or that other lady, Miss Harding. Her new shoes creaked whenever she moved, and made her blush for their square-toed, noisy vulgarity. Her new blue merino was as vulgar in its way as the creaking shoes. She quite understood the little glances Miss Harding bestowed on her from time to time; they expressed so entirely her own consciousness of her unsuitability to her present surroundings. She wished with a sick childish longing that she were at the manse, or at home. Anywhere but in this grand room with its mirrors, soft chairs, numberless tables, stands of flowers, and confusing multitude of lovely things. She could only sit very upright and press her hot little hands together, forcing herself to say, "Yes, Aunt Porter," or "No, Aunt Porter," as occasion required.

Mrs. Alexander Porter was a very different woman from her sister Mrs. Dewar; with far more power, strength, and moral backbone. Her experience of life also had been far wider, and her natural ability had been aided, educated in fact, by all the advantages of travel and society. Poor little Mrs. Dewar had never been further from Scotland than to the Cumberland Lakes on her wedding tour, and her society had been confined to the denizens of View Forth and Kindrach; what little there had been as a basis to work from in her character, narrow at best, had shrunk to a smiling, gentle inanity of purpose, and perfect content with the homage of Kindrach.

"You mustn't say 'Aunt Porter,' dear! I can't have you shy with me, your own mother's sister; you must call me Aunt Silvia."

So she delicately silenced her niece's objectionable form of address which almost made her shudder. It was the cus-

tom at Kindrach; every one said "Aunt Muir," for instance.

May Porter looked across the room also at her forlorn little cousin.

"She is wonderfully pretty," she said, in answer to Miss Harding's remark; "a little doing up and pulling together will soon make her more than presentable." Miss Porter was too well aware that her own more cultivated beauty far surpassed Silvia's lesser charms to feel any ignoble feminine twinges of ruffled vanity. She was tall and striking-looking, wonderfully graceful in her languid movement; most perfectly self-possessed, with charming manners; that is to say, she had charming manners, though she did not always choose to parade them before the gaping multitude, therefore some people looked on her as changeable, and others, less fortunate, who had been treated with unvarying coolness, denounced her as "stuck-up."

"We must go on artistic lines," she went on slowly, without taking her large, sad-looking eyes away from the unconscious Silvia. "She will never make a successful girl of the period, so we will turn her into something early English — her hair will be effective."

The late Mr. Dewar's hair had been red; Silvia's was a lovely, subdued, copper shade of that color. Though she wore it demurely parted down the middle, and closely plaited into a modest knot at the back, yet its natural rebelliousness of disposition caused it to break out on every side in frizzly little curls and love-locks.

"No, we could never make her stylish," said Miss Harding, complacently smoothing down the waist of her perfectly fitting gown which displayed the curves of her admirable figure to great advantage; "it would take too long to civilize her sufficiently."

Miss Etta Harding was herself eminently civilized. Her only claim to good looks lay in the possession of a certain quality usually denominated *style*. She lived with the Porters as a sort of girl friend or companion to May, who was an only daughter, delicate, and apt to fall into fits of nervous depression, arising greatly from weak health, and also in a measure from having nothing to do. Miss Harding was supposed to supply, from the doctor's and anxious mother's point of view, any deficiency in May Porter's life and surroundings which would account for these moments of depression.

"We must get John White's assistance," said May languidly. "He is sure

to be very suggestive, and it's just the sort of thing he enjoys; I have often thought of presenting him with one of those wax dolls from the Lowther Arcade to dress and amuse himself with." She spoke with a little lazy scorn.

"And now you will present him with the pretty cousin instead." Miss Harding's tone and smile were, like John White, "very suggestive," though she tittered a little to carry off their first bald effect.

May merely moved her eyes away from Silvia and turned them on Etta.

"The sleeves of that dress are put in shockingly, Etta, dear, they make you look quite round-shouldered," she said gently, and, rising, went across and sat down by Silvia, whom she proceeded to fascinate and enslave by the sweetness and tact with which she set that poor little mortal at her ease.

Between them they did in a very short space of time utterly transform Silvia into "something like some one out of an old picture," according to Etta. John White proved very suggestive.

He was an artist; and, intimate to a certain degree with the Porter family generally, between him and May Porter there existed an intangible something—not an engagement, by any means, hardly an understanding, but a mutual interest which might drift into the former, or drift on into nothingness. He was one of those fortunate beings whom every one likes—men, women, and children, fell indiscriminately under the spell of his cheery, hearty, happy-go-lucky nature. A big, fair, handsome man, blessed with unfailing good-temper and perennial high spirits, capable of touching tender bruises and ruffled feelings with all a woman's gentleness, and endowed with a wonderful capacity for seeing the world from the same point of view as others saw it. His blue eyes had their own especial peephole, but they were not glued to that one lookout as most people's are—they readily shifted and applied themselves promptly to his neighbor's peepholes. From the troubled, blurred perspective of a disappointed child, to the wider visions and higher aspects of men and women, he saw as they saw. In this facility of perception lay the root of his popularity.

He found Silvia's peephole at once (perhaps it might not have been so soon discovered had she been plain and uninteresting), and won her entire confidence by delicately insinuating his sympathy with a comprehension of her present trou-

bles and perplexities. She was perfectly unconscious of these insinuations in their direct bearing. All she felt was the sense of ease his society naturally (considering the bent and tone he took) brought with it. "He is so funny!" she told herself. She found it funny and amusing to be called "Annie Laurie," instead of the formal Miss Dewar others accorded her; she found it funny, but very pleasant, to have flowers brought her. He affected a teasing manner—offending May by this little failing, but Silvia thought that funny also, and highly entertaining. He played the banjo remarkably well—an instrument Silvia had never seen before; she thought his nigger songs the funniest things imaginable, though May invariably left the room when that form of entertainment began. His stories and jokes were immensely amusing, they were all so deliciously new and fresh to her; altogether John White's friendly hand proved to be a sort of sheet-anchor to which she naturally clung after emerging, confused, dazed, and miserable, from the first shock of her plunge into this new and strange experience. She supported herself by it, and gained courage to strike out feebly for shore, and by-and-by feeling power returning, and the sense of cramp and numbness giving place to the glow and vigor of renewed life, she abandoned her grasp of the sustaining hand and paddled along very contentedly by herself.

They took her about a great deal—to picture-galleries, entertainments, theatres, concerts, flower-shows, afternoon tea-parties, and musical evenings. The Porters were very hospitable, and dinners and receptions at No. 54 were numerous. Mrs. Porter's "Wednesday nights" were much thought of and always well attended. Silvia, had she known it, heard some very brilliant and witty talk, but failed to see the flash and sparkle. She heard also on these occasions excellent music, which in a dim way gave her greater pleasure than the duets from "Il Trovatore" and Kate's French songs. But it was not in these things she took greatest pleasure; the daintiness of her own appearance, the knowledge which struggled quickly to life that she, as well as May and Etta, had her own little circle of admirers amidst the throngs that came and went in her aunt's drawing-rooms, these were pleasurable experiences, far outweighing the mere delights of music and wit; but to these conclusions she did not come all at once. At first she lived in a state of breathless amaze and bewilderment, but the same

adaptability she had shown with regard to the household at the manse came to her aid in this novel atmosphere. With a wonderful celerity she entered into things, catching May's little graces of manner, and reproducing the ways of those about her with clever instinctive imitateness. The facility with which women generally are capable of taking up and appropriating to themselves the manners and customs of those in whose society they may be suddenly thrown was largely developed in Silvia. She slipped into her place at the Porters with the same little air of appeal, the same gratifying exhibition of a desire to learn of them, and to be guided by their experience, which had won Aunt Muir's heart with reference to the lessons in porridge-making and bread-baking. If she did not succeed in winning the hearts of those in her aunt's household so effectually, it was not due to any flaw in this little innocent unconscious rôle she had adopted; but perhaps at Kindrach hearts were more easily won.

Though she had seen so much, and heard so much, and learnt so much since coming to London, her letters home were not interesting. She had not the faculty of expression with pen and ink very largely developed certainly, but the weekly notes sent to Kindrach were the merest fragments of communication.

"Well, an' what does the lassie say?" Aunt Muir would ask with keenest interest.

"No a verra great deal," returned David a trifle grumpily. "She just ses her Aunt Porter's verra kind, and she's enjoying herself and goin about considerable, but there's naething o' the places of interest she has been to see; nae mention of the Cathedral of Saint Paul, or Westminster Abbey, or the Monument, or the British Museum. Things I would like to hear aboot fine."

Silvia had been away perhaps six weeks or so. May had merged into June, and June was at the point of midsummer, when David astonished his aunt and Janet by announcing his intention of taking a fortnight's holiday — an unheard-of proceeding in the annals of Kindrach history.

"James M'Kenna will take mah work, and be glad of the change from the town yonder to fresh country air for a week or maybe twa."

"But where will you be goin', David?" inquired Aunt Muir, peering over the top of her spectacles in mild amazement.

"To London," he answered shortly.

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXVII. 3484

"Mah certy!" ejaculated his aunt, dropping both hands on her knees.

"An' wherefore no?" asked David a little roughly, nettled at her too evident surprise; "ither folk have taken their ways to London before now, and no lost their lives!"

Aunt Muir was apologetic at once. "It's no that, David; ye ken richt weel ah'm no saying ye couldna tak care o' yoursel', but sic an awfu' journey! and the hay all doun," she explained vaguely.

"The hay wunna hurt," he said crossly.

"Nae, nae; dinna let the hay disturb ye're mind, mither; I'll see to that," interposed Janet. "Ye'll be going to fetch Siller?" she continued, turning to David soothingly, "an' get acquaint with her aunt and cousins; it'll just do ye a world o' good, an ye can see they gran things for yoursel', — the houses, and catheedrals, and places!"

"Precisely!" returned David loftily. "Ah'm going to fetch Siller, to show her relations a little proper attention at the same time; it's only richt that the Porters sud see their niece's future husband. It will be payin' Siller a complement also, therefore on consideration, ah've thought it a necessary step to take."

He spoke slowly and guardedly, for in his inmost heart he knew that these "considerations" were afterthoughts, and that the root of the matter lay in an intense desire to see and be seen of the Porter family. There was a streak of worldly wisdom running through his character which showed its lines very near the surface at times.

The Porters were rich and influential. Who knew what future benefits might arise from the present formation of a personal knowledge of each other? "When they saw the man Siller was going to marry, and exclaimed among themselves that she was doin' well, verra well for herself, might it not form another and stronger link than even the sisterhood of Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Dewar?" For David did not hide from himself that Mrs. Dewar was "a puir creature," "a weak-like body," not one to be inordinately proud of, or made much of, or sought out and set on the pinnacle of Porter approbation. Moreover she was but "one o' they feckless woman-folk." And David did not rank the best specimens of that feeble class very highly.

"Set him up! wi' his Porters and his notions," said Aunt Muir indignantly, unconsciously touching the very spot in her



resentment at the tone her nephew had used towards her.

"Oh mither!" said Janet reproachfully, "it's no' that, it's just that he is longin' and longin' to see Siller, and doesna like to say so. Canna ye see it a'?"

"Oh ay, I can see it a'," sniffed Mrs. Muir still resentful. But nothing further was said, for David's word was law and his decisions sacred.

Two days later he departed for Edinburgh, where he invested in a new hat, also a pair of black kid gloves — thus equipped he proceeded to London. Arrived at the Great Northern terminus he was plunged into a bustle and confusion, and rushing and roaring; a medley of many sounds, and crowds of many people which, to him, seemed nothing less than pandemonium itself. "Eh, mah wurd!" he ejaculated several times in undertones; but outwardly he preserved a staid, even stolid demeanor, and shouldering his portmanteau — having no notion of trusting it into other hands — he hailed a conveyance and was driven to a small temperance hotel in the Strand, the name of which he had obtained in Edinburgh.

The next morning he sallied forth — not in quest of the Porter mansion, for he knew enough of the ways of the world, he flattered himself, not to pay calls in the forenoon — but to take a general look round and see what this great city held. He had not informed Silvia of his intended visit, and he had requested silence from the others also on the subject, holding the view that pleasure is enhanced when unexpected.

The hurrying crowd of men streaming city-wards — for it was between nine and ten, the hour when suburban trains pour forth a continuous flood of humanity — struck him into a condition of passive wonder. "I never saw the like before," he told himself in tones of suppressed concentrated amazement; but the sight exhilarated him also. The morning was bright and sunny, the June air sweet even in the Strand, and everything around was a thrilling experience. He kept a sharp lookout at first for suspicious characters, also for the Houses of Parliament, and Westminster Abbey, or the British Museum, expecting to come upon one or other at every turning, but all particulars soon faded and blended into the whole. There was no discerning suspicious characters in a crowd like this. The great sights were lost in this great multitude of lesser lights. He was very satisfied and pleased with his morning's walk. He even pur-

chased a rose from a flower-seller to take to Silvia — though not without a wrestle over the sum she asked, "Three pennies for yon bit blossom? Eh, mah wurd! here's one forrit and dear at that." But the woman showered such a voluble outburst of refined English in a stream of indignation, expostulation, and vituperation upon him, that David reluctantly handed forth the remaining two coppers and swung himself out of the little crowd which their altercation had immediately attracted. He was standing gazing about him in Trafalgar Square, at the façade, pillars, and little steps of the National Gallery, at the lions, and Nelson's Monument, when, looking up, he caught sight of the dome of St. Paul's rising high above the smoke and chimney-tops, and glittering in the bright sunlight.

"That will be the great cathedral!" he pondered thoughtfully. Seeing a small specimen of the street-arab tribe peering up at him from the gutter, where he was dabbling his feet in a delicious bath of dust and refuse, he asked in a loud cheery voice, pointing with his umbrella at the same time, "Hey, laddie, is yon Saint Paul's?"

The imp continued gazing up into his face, but with an air of contempt gathering on his pinched, elfish countenance. Slowly he put up one grimy hand, and pulling down the lower lid of his left eye, protruded his tongue at the same time; it was done in perfect silence; then with a shrill yell he slipped into the roadway.

"Yah! d'yer think I was born yesterday, Old Solemnity? try ye're tricks on some other feller! ye don't catch me at that game."

"An' if ah cud catch ye ah'd catch ye as sound a clout as ye've iver experienced," said David wrathfully, advancing a menacing hand; but the creature disappeared like magic, and David strode away amid the roar of some cabbies in a line of hansoms drawn up for hire.

This little incident sent him back to the temperance inn with somewhat reduced elation of spirits.

After disposing of a modest but substantial dinner, he proceeded to array himself for his call at Lancaster Gate with a feeling, which in any other man might be described as approaching nervousness, but in David's case perhaps such a description scarcely conveys a true idea of his sensations. He was anxious (though not consciously aware of any such anxiety) to appear before the Porters to the best advantage, to impress them favorably;

though not touched with any dread that he would fail to shine, yet the very novelty of the desire created a disturbance of his usual complete serenity.

When finally completed, his toilet gave him great satisfaction. His coat hung down to his knees in ample folds of shining broadcloth, with two creases across the surface of his broad back, showing where it had been folded — but its newness and extreme respectability, its dumb witness to the solvent and well-to-do condition of its wearer, were alone apparent to David. He carefully fitted on his new black kid gloves, somewhat baggy about the palms and finger-ends, and wrapping the rose he had bought for Silvia (at such an exorbitant price) clumsily in a bit of thick note-paper, he started. Having obtained instructions from the young woman at the bar as to what omnibuses he must take, and having, with much forethought, noted down the same, he reached his destination without much difficulty.

The exterior of the Porter mansion he found disappointing.

"It's no so verra wonderful after all," he thought, standing in the portico of No. 54 and glancing upwards at the plain, square frontage. There were balconies to the windows on the second floor, lined with boxes and pots of bright flowers and hanging creepers; these alone broke the monotonous straight lines of high buildings running round three sides of a square, a large church occupying the fourth. The manservant who opened the door he pronounced also "nothing wonderful;" he had expected something more gorgeous than this plain-looking individual in black and white — something in plush and powder, gold lace and silk stockings. "Is Mistress Porter within?" he asked, with a certain resumption of all his old ease and confidence.

"Not at home," answered the butler, with swift precision edging the door forward as he spoke, for this person had not the appearance of a visitor to whom any great show of deference was necessary.

"Wait a bit, my man," interposed David, laying a broad black hand on the advancing panel; "is Miss Silvia Dewar within?"

The man stared and hesitated. "Not at home," he repeated presently, with a perfectly unmoved countenance but in a louder key.

"That's verra unfortunate," cogitated David audibly, laying hold of his chin with a considering thumb and forefinger; "ah'll just step in and wait," he concluded

calmly, placing a foot on the topmost step; "it's a long way back to the inn where ah'm stopping," he continued explanatorily, "and maybe they'll be in verra shortly?"

"You can't do that," replied the manservant, still unmoved.

"Hoots! Can't?" began David. "You don't know what you are talking about or to whom you are speaking."

The man grinned in what David felt to be an offensive manner.

"Dooks, earls, and markisses do go around incog. nowadays. It's a fashion they are partial to, I've heard; but anyway, I'll have to run the risk of offending your lordship," he said glibly, and winking knowingly. Before David could express any of the wrath which rushed upon him at the man's impertinence, some one from within addressed the butler. He heard a lady's voice call "Rogers!" and the man abandoned the door, turning with a sudden access of obsequious deference to the speaker. David seized the opportunity, and stepped forcibly into the hall, coming face to face with Miss Etta Harding in outdoor attire, evidently prepared to sally forth.

David removed his hat, and made an angular movement with his body and head, intended for a bow, which civility Miss Harding encountered with a cold stare.

"It's verra unfortunate Mrs. Porter and Silvia should be out," he said, smiling blandly, "but ah'm in no hurry, ah'll just wait till they return. Miss Porter, I presume? You'll have heard mah name — David Fairfax?" He paused for this announcement to take effect; it produced nothing, so he put in, —

"Minister of Kindrach!" and paused again, crumpling the edges of his soft hat together in his large hands, still smiling. This also was empty of produce.

"I am your cousin Silvia's affianced husband!" he added finally. The effect when it came was sufficiently vivid.

"My gracious!" ejaculated Etta involuntarily. "Rogers, go and tell Mrs. Porter to come down at once," she said authoritatively to the apparently deferentially deaf but highly interested butler.

"I'm not Silvia's cousin," she said, turning to David as the man moved away, "but I live here, and know all about the family. I — None of us knew she was engaged. It's — it's very astonishing! You are Mr. David Fairfax, minister of Kindrach, and engaged to Silvia?" she questioned with a rapid, precise arrangement of the facts.

"Yes," returned David shortly and reservedly. Since she was not a Porter, he did not feel called upon to enlarge this account of himself. Etta had taken in the situation, and was not a little pleased. Silvia was not a great favorite of hers; she was too pretty, and made too much of by every one. All the ridiculous fuss about her charming Scotch accent and quaint Scotch ways annoyed and irritated Etta. Now she saw the prospect of a sufficient downfall before the designing, deceitful little minx. To have lived six weeks in her aunt's house, receiving every kindness, and not once to have mentioned the fact of her engagement! Oh, yes! Etta foresaw much tribulation awaiting Silvia with the appearance of this uncouth suitor.

"What is it, Etta?" asked Mrs. Porter, not coming down the last flight of stairs, but bending forward and speaking a little impatiently from the landing above. "I told Rogers I was not at home, but he is so tiresome, and so stupid, he lets in every pertinacious person who —" But seeing dimly that some one was standing in the hall besides Etta, she stopped abruptly.

"That is Mrs. Porter. Come up and speak to her," said Miss Harding quickly to David.

She was pleasantly excited and stirred by this unlooked for event — it promised to be too funny.

"It's some one to see Silvia, some friend from Scotland," she said, running up to where Mrs. Porter was standing.

On the landing was an organ, with gleaming pipes rising to the roof; some low chairs, tables, and lounges, and a mass of palms and ferns, against which Mrs. Porter's figure stood in relief; the afternoon sunlight pouring through a stained-glass window falling on the folds of her long, loose, dead-black silk tea-gown, and touching the pale orange bows in her soft lace lap. She had perfectly white hair, which she wore *à la Marie Antoinette*, drawn up high from her forehead, a style which suited her still fresh, fairly youthful complexion admirably. Her figure was fine, though matronly. Altogether she was an imposing woman to encounter, but David felt little on this score. He was nettled at the announcement Miss Harding had made of their ignorance of Silvia's engagement. Also he was gravely surprised at having caught Mrs. Porter telling a deliberate untruth. With his own ears he had heard her declare that she had desired that man Rog-

ers to say she was not at home, being all the time comfortably within doors. Engrossed with these thoughts he came heavily and steadily up-stairs, noting nothing about, or the two women standing above him.

"Ah'm sorry to disturb ye, Mrs. Porter, mam," he said gravely as he mounted the last step, and stood face to face with Silvia's aunt. "A grand-like woman," he thought, but her appearance sent no thrill of fear to his heart.

"Ah'm sorry to disturb ye, but dinna fash yoursel'. It's just Silvia ah came to see," pronouncing his betrothed's name laboriously.

Mrs. Porter did not smile, or put out her hand, or even bend her head in recognition of his speech. She only looked at him with amazement written in every perplexed line and furrow.

"Yes?" she said coldly. "And what is your business with my niece?"

"Business?" returned David, "business! It's no' business ah cam' upon, it's mere pleasure. A man comes to see his sweetheart for that reason ordinarily — not business!" he smiled broadly, and looked knowingly from Etta to Mrs. Porter.

"Ah'm glad also of the opportunity of meking your acquaintance, Mrs. Porter, mam. Siller's aunt, all her relations and friends, in fact, are my relations and friends likewise."

Mrs. Porter allowed her limp, impassive hand to be cordially shaken by David during this speech, scarcely knowing what was taking place; but as he swung it up and down heartily the action roused her from her momentary bewilderment. She drew it from his clasp swiftly.

"Am I to understand that you are engaged to my niece — to Silvia?" she said sharply.

"Precisely," returned David tartly, annoyed by her manner. "Has Siller no told ye a' about it?"

"I've heard nothing — nothing," replied Mrs. Porter emphatically. "I think there must be some mistake."

David drew himself up. This hint and suspicion of a doubt roused his anger mightily.

"A mistake, hoots! Take me to Siller; ye'll soon see there has been no mistake. She has, maybe, felt shy of speaking of her betrothal to strangers."

"Silvia is in the drawing-room," suggested Etta, her eyes bright with interest.

Mrs. Porter frowned, and for a moment stood undecided, then she turned with a

little hasty gesture towards a curtained doorway, followed closely by David and Etta.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### A GLIMPSE INTO A JESUIT NOVITIATE.

FIRST of all, a few words of personal explanation. I was eight years among the Jesuits — two as a novice, three as a student of philosophy, and three as teacher or assistant in their colleges. I left them of my own accord, though not without their consent, and after having asked their advice on the matter. Our regret was, I believe, mutual. Our relations since that time, though infrequent, have not been unfriendly, and I am still in communion with the Church. My position is therefore characterized by perfect independence on one hand, and on the other by the want of any incitement to injure an order with which I parted on good terms. Startling revelations will be wanting, as I have neither talent nor motive for inventing lies. Private, possibly even trivial, details — all depends upon taste — will be found in abundance. Jesuits, so far as they are known to me, are neither good nor bad angels, but men; and it is as men that I intend to portray them. This would seemingly imply a certain amount of indiscretion, and something like a breach of confidence on my part. Some points, indeed, seemed to me so private that I hesitated about writing these pages; for *all or nothing* ought to be the motto of every faithful memoir. But on perusing narratives of a similar sort, composed by expelled members, and others whose knowledge of the society must have been inferior to mine, I found all these particulars already in print, and often enough with exaggerations, alterations, and additions. This put an end to any reluctance that I might have had before; for when I found those "family matters" long ago exposed to the public gaze, I saw that my silence was immaterial, and that it was perhaps better for me to write all.

I ought besides to observe, that the following account cannot be considered as correct except as a statement of facts in one particular novitiate of one particular province, and at one particular time. Many, even considerable, differences are to be found between one province and another. I noticed that myself whilst spending a few days in a Spanish novitiate during a pilgrimage that we had to make. I am

told, moreover, that between the English province and the others the difference is still more strongly marked. It is, for instance, the custom throughout the society to give the "kiss of peace" whenever a member comes to or goes away from one of their houses. An English novice, who was visiting Pau on account of his health, came to see us, and went through the ceremony. I saw that he did not like it, and asked whether it was done in England. "Never," answered he; "we only shake hands." Now the "fraternal embrace" is explicitly alluded to in the very text of St. Ignatius's rules. So this sketch, though I can vouch for its faithfulness, might convey a very false idea, if supposed to picture any other province or any other time.

Any person at all acquainted with Pau knows the Rue Montpensier, and has probably noticed the Jesuits' chapel, next door to which stands the residence and novitiate. The chapel is a fine enough building, in the Romanesque style, remarkably well suited to the convenience of preachers; no echo whatever, and hardly any reverberation. A row of arches forms a semicircle behind the chancel, and separates the aisles from the nave, while sustaining the gallery. There, invisible behind an upper row of smaller arches, the novices pray and chant during the evening benediction. Above and behind the high altar, within a niche as large as two or three of the gallery arches, stands a great white statue of *Marie Immaculée*, with a crown of star-shaped gaslights over her head. This, when the gas is turned on for some grand festival, the aisles being illuminated with many-colored lamps, and the sanctuary all ablaze with pyramids of tapers, presents an appearance which is strikingly picturesque.

On entering the residence we notice a peculiar air of calm — call it monastic gloom if you are worldly-minded — that pervades the whole place. All is silent. The sun shines dimly through ground-glass-windows and Venetian blinds at the end of a long, stone-paved corridor downstairs. No one is there but one or two priests, walking to and fro noiselessly like shadows, saying their breviary. First and second floor: corridors ditto, shadows ditto; more of the Venetian blinds and less of the sunlight. All the novices occupy the third story; the *pères de résidence* alone live below. They are old or middle-aged for the most part; authors, confessors, preachers getting their Lent, Advent, and Mission sermons ready, and

aged men "preparing themselves for death," as the "Status" (or annual register) used to put it, I am told: *Pater X. parat se ad mortem*. Nowadays, however, they would prefer to write simply *senex* after the name; but *parat se ad mortem* is an occupation, and *senex* is not. As everything in the chapel bore witness to opulence and taste, so everything in the residence testifies to cleanliness and affluence. The tokens of affluence, however, stop short at the threshold of the fathers' rooms; those of cleanliness go further. You will find in their cells—large indeed and airy enough—only a few almost indispensable objects: a writing-desk, a lamp, a small bronze crucifix, a *prie-Dieu*, two, or sometimes even three rush-bottomed chairs, a curtained bedstead in a recess, a broom peeping out from a corner, and a wash-hand stand; no carpets, flowers, mirrors, pictures, or curtains. No *luxuries*, in a word. All that is not strictly necessary is strictly prohibited.

But we are visiting the novitiate, not the residence. Let us accordingly go upstairs to the third floor, a few minutes to four o'clock A.M. All is dark in the passage. A light is suddenly struck. The bell must ring at four precisely, as the novices, like the rest of the society, have seven hours of sleep allotted to them; and the *Frère Réglementaire* is getting up betimes in order to begin his day's work. This is no sinecure; for I have reckoned that he rings the bell thirty-five times in seventeen hours. It sounds—and at the first "ding-dong" a series of jumps on to the floor is heard in reply. For the bell is the voice of God, as Ignatius says; and as no novice would have thought of rising without leave one instant before, so no one would, even for a second, hesitate to obey the divine call. The *frère* goes down the passage with a lighted *queue-de-rat* in his hand, and successively lights one lamp in each room, saying as he passes, "*Benedicamus Domino!*" to which each and all, hurriedly dressing, washing, or shaving, reply from behind the curtains, "*Deo gratias!*" Haste must be made, for all these operations, besides that of carrying dirty water to the sink, must be performed in twenty-five minutes, in order to leave five minutes free for a visit in the private chapel to the "master of the house."

Here they come,—and first of all the most fervent and saintly amongst them, Brother Seraphicus, as the novices playfully call him. It is 4.15: so he will pay a visit of a quarter of an hour. Alas!

seraphic brother, I am afraid a shorter visit would have been preferable; you have neglected more than one duty to get these extra ten minutes. One shoe is badly laced; your tooth-brush is dry; and even your hands might be whiter. *Mon frère*, with all your fervor, you will never be a son of Ignatius; that old saint has a military liking for tidiness and order. In two years you will leave the novitiate, to become a good, pious priest, but never a Jesuit. Now go in and sigh, and lean your head on one side, languishing with burning love for *Jésus Hostie!* All that is very well in its way, but—*discipline must be maintained*.

Second on the list comes another young brother, half French and half Irish, of quite another type, rather dry in his orisons, and not at all given to soaring in mystic contemplation. He cannot even fancy St. Peter during the meditation, without thinking of an old tar, with a "south-wester" on his head, and a short black pipe in the corner of his mouth. But he is irreproachably neat in all his belongings; and in fact, I think, prides himself on the rapidity with which he does all things so well. Still, pride is a sin,—and, to say the truth, his demeanor is far from novice-like. He holds his head erect, not with a gentle curve forwards, as most of his companions do; his eyes, though not wandering, are yet far from downcast. Can he remain in the society, when Brother Seraphicus is not good enough? Yes, and do good solid work in the colleges, too.

Here comes at last the rest of the community, all stepping lightly on tiptoe, as the "master of the novices" has ordered. Were they fifty together, they must all walk along in this fashion,—which looks rather ridiculous, but is meant to inculcate respect for silence. All hurry towards the sink, carrying each in his hand the requisite vessel. Rectors, provincials, nay, even generals, are also bound to this rule of "self-help," and not novices only; unless, indeed, they are too much engaged, and then a lay-brother does the work.

Five-and-twenty minutes have elapsed; all novices coming henceforward to the chapel must kneel down outside the door, not to disturb the others,—and there is often a whole string of them outside, when a long walk on the previous day has made them so sleepy that they are not able to do everything both speedily and well. For besides their outward occupations, their mind has all the time to be busily at work. They must take their morning res-



olution for the day — what evil specially to avoid, and what virtue to cultivate; and then there is the meditation to be thought about; and they must offer the coming day to God. All this not unfrequently delays them.

The hour strikes; the novices all trip up stairs — for the private chapel is on the second floor — to meditate from 4.30 to 5.30. The subject was given out the day before, and is taken from the "Exercitia Spiritualia." Leaving the novices to kiss the ground in the presence of God, and then to work out the different heads, we may remark that some of them take advantage of this hour to practise a most painful kind of penance, insupportable to not a few. They remain all the time absolutely motionless on their knees. Now, in England, immobility would signify little; but we are in France, and in the south of France, where the utmost cleanliness fails to keep a house clear of fleas, at least in summer. Novices are forbidden to wear sackcloth on account of their health; but the crawling, tickling sensation, here — there — everywhere — and then the sharp, unexpected bite, is a great deal worse, and more irritating — *Experto crede!* I had to give it up very soon, and as the slightest movement was enough to frighten the torturers, it was not difficult to keep them off.

The meditation coming to an end, pens run over paper during a quarter of an hour devoted to the review. This part of the exercise, considered so essential a part of the meditation by St. Ignatius that he will on no account suffer it in any case to be set aside, is a mental glance or survey of the hour that has just gone by. The grand principle of *practical reflection on the past, with a view towards progress*, is brought to bear on the meditation; whether it has been successful or not, and why, is noted down in the "Spiritual Journal." The beds are then made, and this is no easy task. If the furniture of the fathers down-stairs *seemed* to be the acme of simplicity, that of the novices *is* the acme in very deed. We pass over the want of fire (supplied in cold weather by a box of hay or a foot-bag), of a wash-hand stand, of a *prie-Dieu*, and even of matches. The bedstead consists of two trestles, across which three or four deal boards are laid; the bed is a mere sack filled with maize-straw, covered with sheets and blankets. The art of the bed-maker is to give this a decent and neat appearance — and he succeeds. See, an *ancien de chambre* — a novice of the sec-

ond year, appointed in each room to instruct the new-comers — is giving a lesson. He shows how the ends of the counterpane must be symmetrically folded together, with what care every straw that falls should be picked up, and how the bolster-ends, covered with the sheet, can be made to assume an artistic form. Art too should appear in the folding of the white curtains, that must hang gracefully over their iron rods; and often does the *Frère Admoniteur* — the master's organ and representative — come round to see that all is in perfect order. Often, too, beds not sufficiently neat are pulled down to be made up again; and sometimes, it is hinted, this is done merely as a trial of patience.

Again the bell rings, and again the novices troop away — to mass, this time. One brother, rather sulky and stubborn-looking, with a high forehead and a dull eye and complexion, comes in late; he was intent on doing something else, and would not put it by at once. And the rule insists on complete, instant, and joyful obedience. A bad omen, brother, if at the boiling-point of fervor you give neither. Besides, you were (a most irregular thing indeed!) looking out of the window a few days ago; hankering, perhaps, after the world you have left. You will remain in the society just as long as the *Frère Séraphique* — and what will become of you afterwards, I cannot tell.

Mass is said in the little private chapel, carefully waxed, ornamented with red hangings, white window-curtains, and plentifully gilded all round. It smells a little too much of paint. A statue of the Immaculate Virgin and another of St. Stanislaus stand to right and left before the sanctuary; but the paint makes them too lifelike, and their immobility too death-like, not to offend æsthetic taste. Another figure produces a widely different impression. In, or rather below the altar is a deep recess, with a large sheet of glass before it. By the dim light that shines through the glass, we can perceive a pale, a deadly pale wax figure, reclining on a couch, clad in the *toga prætecta*, and with a palm in his hand. By his side stands an earthenware phial, and the inscription: ADON · PUER · IN · PACE. Enclosed in the waxen mould is the skeleton of some unknown child-martyr, thus exposed to veneration in a manner sufficiently realistic to strike, yet not crude enough to repel. Before this shrine the novices kneel nearly the whole time of the service. The attitude generally considered the most cor-

rect is as follows: Head slightly bent forwards, neither to right nor left; eyes cast down; body straight as an arrow; face serene; hands folded or clasped. This attitude is recommended at all times, *mutatis mutandis*, according to the dictates of common sense. An assistant in a college could hardly be required to see "with downcast eyes" what his hundred boys are about.

These details may be looked upon as *minutiae* unworthy of the genius of Loyola, and reducing every Jesuit to the station of a mere actor. Waiving that question (as also the other one which it includes, viz., whether "all the world" is not "a stage," as a contemporary of Ignatius seems to think), I can only state that he considers his "Rules of Modesty" to be of supreme importance. His idea was — *Jesuita, alter Jesus*; and he wished his disciples to imitate the exterior of Jesus. And, instead of leaving this imitation to the judgment of his followers themselves, each man copying his own ideal, Ignatius thought it best to lay down directions for them according to the model he had in his own mind. His soldier-like love of order and uniformity amply accounts for this; but there are other reasons. Our master, in a lecture on the subject, once used words to the following effect: "There are two converse methods. One is, sanctify the exterior by first rendering the interior man holy; the other, render the interior holy by previously sanctifying what is exterior. Be a saint, and you will by degrees come to look outwardly like one. Take care to act outwardly like a saint, and you will gradually become one. Which plan is the best? All depends on circumstances; both may be used with great profit; but, given our position of men that have to appear much in public, the latter system is preferable for us." All this, of course, does not come naturally to a novice, and this straining after "modesty" is frequently one of the most disagreeable spectacles one can see when in a bad humor, and the most laughable when in a good one.

After mass, until half past seven, the novices read a commentary upon Holy Scripture. But let it not be thought that they may choose the commentary which they prefer, or the part of the Bible they like best. They have to submit their preferences to the master, and he chooses for them. So likewise for all the books read in the novitiate; so likewise for everything else. From the moment they

rise till the time when they stretch their limbs in bed, they are under obedience — drilled all day long. The lesson of self-denial is taught them, not by a few great sacrifices, but by a continued series of trifles to be given up. Obedience is incessantly present, in season, and, one might think, out of season too. See the novices going down into the refectory; it is a fast-day, and all of them must pass by the master, standing at the door of his room. Why? Because they must ask permission to take the *frustulum*, a morsel of bread allowed by dispensation to all who fast. And if they do not wish to avail themselves of the dispensation? They must also ask leave not to avail themselves of it. "We," said a Capuchin friar to me one day, "we have severer penances than you; and yet you have more to endure. One can little by little get hardened to the scourge, but not to never doing one's own will." Perhaps the good Capuchin was right.

After breakfast, work; *travaux manuels*. It is not the admonitor who commands here, but the *Frère Directeur des travaux*. Novices must, from the very beginning, learn to obey their companions, so as to have less difficulty in doing the same in after-years; and if superiors are afterwards strongly advised to give hints and counsels, rather than orders and commands, it is quite the contrary now; the *directeur des travaux* has to say: Go there, and they go; Do this, and it is done. Novices, being extra fervent, can support without so much danger an extra dose of obedience; and besides, O Ignatius, hast thou not learned, when yet a soldier of the world, that the strength of cannons is tried by firing them with extra charges? — so, each novice goes and humbly asks for work.

There is plenty to do. Sweeping rooms and passages and garden paths; waxing the floor of the private chapel — terrible work! — down in the cellar, drawing wine, or up in the garret cleaning shoes; or out of doors, digging; or within, laying the table for dinner; not one novice is unemployed. Some are sitting in the lecture-room, to learn the way of making rosaries, disciplines, haircloths, and those chains whose sharp points enter into the flesh. A dozen or more are working under the superintendence of a strict, morose, lantern-jawed brother, who has a little of the Bonaparte type in his face, and a good deal of sombre obstinacy in his character; he will remain in the society only five years, making himself generally disliked,

and brooding over imaginary wrongs done to him. In a corner are two of the youngest brothers, one of whom sometimes glances at the other full slyly, and then shakes with suppressed laughter; for that other is engaged upon an awful girdle, at least six inches broad, ordered for penitential purposes by some tough old father. All this is very pleasant to see; but the sly brother is a trifle too friendly, though perhaps he does not know it as yet; it is only his first week here. Particular friendships are not allowed; that is, though one may feel greater sympathy for one than for another, one ought not to show it. The wrong is, not in the feeling, but in the injustice done to others by a show of that feeling. As a member of a community, equal kindness is due to all; and any extraordinary amount of kindness received by one, is taken away from the rest. So the motto is: *Tous mais pas un!* And this rule applies even to brothers according to the flesh, if any such happen to be together in the novitiate; they must be to one another neither more nor less than the first novice that comes. Spiritual fraternity ought to predominate over natural brotherhood; the indissoluble links of religion form a far stronger chain than those ties which, springing out of corruption, are again to dissolve into corruption; eternity is more than time.

When I came to the novitiate, I had been told of many most extraordinary things I should be required to do as a test of my obedience; and I was rather disappointed than otherwise, on finding that nobody ordered me to eat peas with a two-pronged fork, or to sweep out a cell with the wrong end of a broom. I was expected to take it for granted that the orders given me were reasonable; if I did not think them so, my duty was to ask for explanations. Nothing is falselier than the idea that a Jesuit is a mere machine for obeying orders. Let us say rather—setting aside cases in which it would be a duty to disobey—that he is a machine for understanding the true sense of the orders given, and for carrying them out in their true sense. "I have done," writes Laynez to Loyola, "not what you ordered me, but what, had you been present, you would have ordered me." And St. Ignatius approved him. Yet the conduct of that novice who remained a whole day in the master's room without stirring, because he had been told to remain there, and had then been forgotten, is held up to public admiration. To admiration, yes; to imitation, no. This example ought to

have no more influence on the ordinary course of life than that of the other novice who on his deathbed asked permission of his superior to quit the novitiate, thinking that he could not possibly die without leave.

At 8.30, leaving a bottle of wine half filled, a link of a chain half formed, or a garden-weed half pulled out, all the novices run to get their book on "Christian Perfection," by Rodriguez. We may call it the standard ascetic work of the novitiate; even on whole holidays, even during the vacation, it is regularly read for half an hour every day. The peculiarity consists in the manner of reading. The *Frère Admoniteur* goes down into the garden and opens his book; all the novices follow him at random, one after another; while he takes the lead with a rapid step, they have to walk after him at the same pace, taking care not to tread on the heels of their neighbors. This is technically called *tourner Rodriguez*, and certainly does look very absurd. The reason for this strange manner of reading is to give the novices a sufficient amount of exercise in the morning, together with fresh air. In the afternoon there is plenty of motion; two hours of recreation, besides manual work; and three walks in the week. So, to make up for this deficiency, *Frère Admoniteur* has orders to move on at a brisk pace, and he does. At the end of the line, last of all, walks the *Frère Substitut*—a pale worn little man, nearly forty years old. He very seldom speaks of himself. All we know is that he was a solicitor, and has come here thinking to find rest from the world. And all day long he has to carry about *soutanes*, boots, combs, brushes, and what not, supplying all the wants of the community, and bustling about like Martha, when the repose of Mary would suit him better. Still, wan and wearied as he is, he seems very patient, and self-will has all but died out of him. Perhaps something tells him that he may soon find rest enough, and that in little more than a year's time all will be over forever.

The lecture on the rules, or conference, follows Rodriguez. The master, a man of evidently sanguine, bilious temperament, though both elements of his character are well under control, comes into the room—not on tiptoe, and yet with a noiseless step—kneels down, and says a short prayer, after which he asks a novice for an abstract of what was said last time. His manner is cool, restrained; his style almost dry; and yet his voice

thrills at times with suppressed emotion; his gestures are almost as few as those of an ordinary English speaker; he speaks in so low a key as not unfrequently to be inaudible, were it not for his very distinct utterance of each word. This manner of lecturing, though perhaps disappointing to one who expects the noisy pulpit eloquence of the south of France, is, however, specially calculated for those to whom the oratorical "ways and means" of creating a sensation have become contemptible through familiarity. Here emotion must spring from no other source but the subject itself and the thoughts directly connected therewith; the speaker cannot keep himself too much in the shade. Hence this attempted suppression of all feeling — this outward dryness — this low pitch of the voice. The hearers, whether pupils fresh from the study of Bossuet and Cicero, barristers from the law courts, or young *vicaires* accustomed to criticise the sermons of their fellow-priests, might otherwise have been too sorely tempted to forget that the conference is a lesson to be acted upon, not a performance to be judged.

The master's voice drops; the conference is over, and he goes out. Then follows the repetition — a strange scene of apparent hubbub, rendered still more striking by the solemn silence in which the "still small voice" of the master has been heard. Groups of novices, each of them with a note-book in his hand, are told off by the *admoniteur*. One in each group begins reading his notes, his voice rising louder and louder as other voices rise in succession, until twelve or more are speaking at once in the room — not a large one — and the din becomes almost deafening. To an outsider this would appear excessively ridiculous; but here, intent on comparing and correcting notes, they do not even remark the clamor that is going on around them.

Again, after a short visit to the chapel, the novices proceed in single file to the garden, to learn a few verses of Scripture. This is the "exercise of memory," the only study (with that of foreign languages) permitted by St. Ignatius. Foreign languages even were not allowed in my time, and for two whole years I did not speak English, though there were some who knew that language in the novitiate. On the whole, this exercise of memory is rather a formality than anything else. Twice a week it is missed; the recitation is not seriously insisted upon; the novices are free to go up-stairs as soon as they

think they know, and they enjoy free time as soon as they come to this conviction. And in that short space of free time, that lasts only till eleven o'clock, how much they have to do! Shoe-cleaning, clothes-brushing, reading the "Instructions" (a book that must be got through once a month), writing applications to the librarian or the substitute for the next volume of Rodriguez, or for a wearable hat; they must, besides, see and confer with the master once in a fortnight. Soon, too soon, eleven o'clock strikes.

The class of pronunciation, from eleven to half past, is a very important time, particularly here; for a good accent is absolutely necessary to a public speaker, and the accent is very bad in the south of France. The difference between *d* and *δ*, *δ* and *δ*, *ε*, *è* and *ê* — and the nasal vowels especially, *O ye Gascons!* — are most particularly noted and minutely dwelt upon, both by precept and example. An explanation of the rules takes up about half the time; reading and criticism by the fellow-novices occupies the other half. Now and then two or three giggles, threatening to become general fits of laughter, are occasioned by some slight mistake, or even without any visible cause; for the novices' nerves are highly strung, and they are perhaps more inclined to laughter than any other class of human beings. They are generally young, they are continually striving after supernatural gravity; they have no cares, no cause for uneasiness or sorrow; so the veriest trifle — even a recollection of past fun — is enough to set them laughing, sometimes in very undue places; but they cannot help it: "*Novitius, animal ridens et risibile, scandalisabile, frangens vitrum, fundens oleum,*" was the humorous quasi-scholastic definition of the species given by some unknown wag many years ago.

Before dinner there is a private examination of conscience for one quarter of an hour; before bedtime, similarly. These are, if not the most important, at least the most indispensable spiritual exercises of the day; St. Ignatius would rather, in case of want of time, sacrifice the morning meditation. And he was not satisfied with these alone; he wanted every one of the actions done to be reviewed in like manner, so as to cultivate a habit of reflection. One day he asked a father how often he examined his conscience. "Every hour," said the latter. "That is very seldom," answered Ignatius.

At last the angelus rings; it is noon, and the novices, hungry as hunters, and

quite willing to obey the divine call, rush down on tiptoe and with downcast eyes. The bill of fare cannot be reasonably complained of. Before each plate there stands half a litre — about a pint — of *vin ordinaire*. On festivals, one bottle of dessert wine is allowed to each table. The first dish, according to the Continental custom, is always soup or broth. Then comes boiled meat, and then roast; a dish of vegetables follows them. Between this and the dessert, consisting of cheese and some kind of fruit, there is sometimes, on festival days, either salad or a sweet dish of custard or pudding. Without special leave a novice may not refuse any of the dishes, though he may reduce his share to an all but infinitesimal quantity. Look at this pale young man pouring three drops of wine into a glass of water — and at that one, paler still, helping himself to one leaf of salad only, after having put a microscopic bit of meat on his plate! His neighbor, a kind-hearted though surly original, with a huge nose and a very dyspeptic stomach, is furious at the poor fellow's excessive penance, that ruins his health; he tosses the rest of the salad into his own plate, and eats it all up, with his head defiantly on one side, in mute protestation; for usually he does not care for salad, nor indeed for anything in the way of food. "You see I am not afraid to eat!" The neighboring novices, who have somehow or other managed to see all without looking up, are vastly amused at the sight.

During dinner-time those novices who (with permission of course) wish to accuse themselves of some fault — a glass broken, negligence in duties, useless words, etc. — do so, kneeling in the middle of the refectory; after which "the reader drones from the pulpit." Scripture first, as by right; then Church history, by Abbé Darra's, very brilliantly written, sometimes too brilliantly. When, for instance, he ends a phrase with a metaphor like this, "*C'est un point d'interrogation suspendu à travers les siècles*," the novices, satirical creatures! venture to laugh at the author's affectation and bad taste. The more they are kept apart from literature and politics, the more easily they are impressed by whatever concerns either. *Frère Séraphique* is constantly praying for the conversion of Bismarck; others are offering communions, prayers, and penances, in order that Don Carlos may take Bilbao (which he is now blockading), or Henry V. be seated on the French throne.

Dinner over, the holy sacrament is

again visited, in order to prepare for the most difficult exercise of the day — the recreation. Why I call it the most difficult will presently appear. To pass it correctly, an all but impossible combination of virtues is required. Its aim is "the unbending of the spirit," in order to rest awhile from the constraint produced by the self-communion of the morning, and to give the mind fresh vigor for the exercises of the afternoon. At the same time, it is recommended to remain perfectly self-possessed from beginning to end, keeping a strict watch over the lips, the eyes, and the whole demeanor, lest anything should be said or done unworthy of one's high calling. It is recommended to speak of pious subjects, though not in too serious a manner. Discussions, tiring to the mind and too often irritating to the temper, are to be avoided. Jokes are not well looked upon, as they are apt to be remembered when the recreation is done, and cause distractions; besides, Christ and his apostles, whom Jesuits ought to imitate, cannot be imagined as joking together. No conversation about studies, literature, or science is allowed; and it is still more severely forbidden to criticise the conduct of any brother or father. Such criticism is however not only allowed, but enjoined, on another occasion — in presence of the criticised person. I allude to the "exercise of charity," which ought regularly to take place once a week, instead of the conference. A novice, designated by the master, goes down on his knees in the middle of the lecture-room, and listens to all that the others, when questioned, have to say against him; they, on their part, are bound to state whatever they may have noticed amiss in his conduct. Of course, external defects alone are to be mentioned. Instead of saying, "*Notre frère* is not fervent," they must point out fixed acts of seeming negligence in religious duties, which may spring from absent-mindedness quite as well as from lack of fervor. This exercise, properly practised, effectually stops all backbiting or complaints against others; while the defects are made known to the person himself, so that he can take advantage of this knowledge. It is quite an upside-down world.

The fact that so many virtues — charity, modesty, cordiality, piety, self-possession, gaiety — are requisite to pass the recreation well, is the reason why the result is so generally unsuccessful. Some, striving to be supernatural in all things, contrive to be only unnatural and highly



disagreeable in all. Others, very rightly laying down as a first principle that one must be natural, forget their position, and talk as they used to talk, before they "left the world." A few sentences having been exchanged about the weather, one novice, eager to avoid "useless words," effectually puts an end to the conversation in his group by relating, immediately and without transition, what he is reading about the torments of hell. Another has filled a little note-book with anecdotes and sentences of the saints about the Mother of Christ; he begins the recreation by asking his brother novices to "tell him something about Mary;" and, on their professing themselves unequal to the task, launches off for a whole hour into a sea of words learned by heart. The Franco-Irish brother makes his companions roar with laughter at the tricks he played on his teachers whilst at college; but by his side walks a mournful one, who, mindful of Seneca's saying, "*Quoties inter homines fui, minor homo reddi*," and of the Eastern proverb, "Speech is silver, but silence is gold," has resolved to be silent,—and does not even look up once during the whole time. And the difficulty is greater still, because one is never allowed to choose one's companions; the first group you find is your group. They are, besides, generally formed by the *admoniteur* at the beginning of the recreation; he, according to instructions received, often puts together, as a test of temper, the most opposite characters of all. How amusing it is to see the *Frère Directeur*, late a lieutenant in the Mobiles during the war,—a rollicking, jovial lover of harmless fun, and a great hater of what he calls "mysticism,"—walking about day after day and week after week with the Seraphic Brother above mentioned, who never will speak of anything less holy than the Sacred Heart, the conversion of the whole world, or a scheme formed by him for administering all railways by some new religious order, designed to stoke and convey the passengers gratis, for the love of God! If you step into the novitiate a month later, you will find them both in the same room; when *Frère Seraphique* begins sighing and groaning in his meditations, *Frère Directeur* has orders to put a stop to this *piété extérieure* by a loud, dry cough.

Then there are differences of principle too. Who would fancy that in the novitiate, on a mere question of interpretation of the rules, there could be found a vestige of two great parties? Yet so it is. *Frère*

*Admoniteur* is waxing very red in the face, and having a serious tussel with the stoutest brother in the whole lot. The latter, who has been a barrister of considerable practice at Angoulême, is now trying his professional abilities in the novitiate. The rules contradict each other, he says. In one place we find that brothers who are "in experiment," *i.e.*, having their vocation tested by menial offices and labors, are not to speak with those who remain after the first recreation is over, until two o'clock. In another, it is said, on the contrary, that they must be present at this second recreation. *Frère Admoniteur*, full of zeal, thinks to reconcile the contradiction by laying down the law thus: they are to be present, but not to speak. The ex-lawyer has him on the hip at once. What absurdity! a speechless recreation! Both are indignant, but their indignation soon cools down, and they will beg each other's pardon very frankly before sunset.

In recreation again, the two contrary currents that must always be found in any Christian body of men are clearly noticeable; I mean the worldly and the unworldly tendency. This of course is very relative, and perhaps the term "worldly" may be found too strong, when describing a man who regularly scourges himself once a week or oftener. Still, in a community where this is the fashion, it is no decisive proof of unworldliness. A dislike to such as are more fervent; an undue notice and nervous horror of those little exaggerations to which pious persons are liable; an inordinate esteem of the purely natural qualities,—wit, energy, imagination, etc.,—are much surer signs of the contrary direction of mind. Placed in a very different situation from men of the world, they judge of things, so far as it is lawful for them to judge at all, with the very same eyes as the latter. "*Ah, mon frère!*" says Brother Seraphicus, "*on retrouve le monde au noviciat.*" Rather disappointing, but very much to be expected; no man—and *a fortiori* no number of men—being quite unworldly. All is relative, *mon frère!* This worldly tendency is of course kept down and severely dealt with; but that those in whom it is found the most are the most opposed to the "spirit of the society," I am not prepared to affirm. Worldly-minded men are usually practical; and practical men are of great use. Certainly, among my con-novices who left, as many left on account of exaggerated fervor as of worldliness. The lofty mystic will find more difficulty in getting on with St. Ignatius

than the *terre-à-terre* man of business; and yet Ignatius is mystic too.

No wonder that, under these difficulties, the recreation is followed (for many) by a very remorseful visit to the chapel, deploring broken resolutions, schemes of "interior life" blown up, sore feelings of irritation, or headaches caused by too much constraint. Shortly after, the bell rings again for another exercise—that of the "tones." It is a short sermon, only one page in length, which every novice knows by heart; it contains in that brief compass, and without any transitions, all the principal *tones* which a preacher can take. The calm measured notes of the exposition—the thrilling call of tenderness and mercy—the ecstatic invocation to God—the thunders of rebuke, followed up by a long Latin quotation from Joel,—a yet more vehement cry of holy indignation, swelling at once to enthusiasm, and then suddenly dying away on a key still lower than that of the exordium; all these so short, so condensed as to render it quite impossible really to *feel* sentiments of so brief duration: such is this exercise. A good delivery of the tones is almost as seldom to be met with as a black swan. But then, say those who favor it, that is the great advantage of the thing. If you can once get to deliver the tones with effect; if you can manage to pass from this sentence, "Agneau plein de douceur ! qui vous a donc forcé à vous charger de nos fautes, à accepter la mort pour nous donner la vie ?" to the following: "O hommes stupides ! ô hommes plongés dans le sommeil du péché !" giving their full and natural emphasis to each of these sentences, both so vehement in such a different way, you are not very likely to have much difficulty in delivering an ordinary sermon.

After the tones, the bell is rung for catechism, an exercise in which the novices have to learn, both in speculation and by practice, the art of teaching in general, and especially the art of teaching religion. The father who presides (sometimes a novice, at others the socius of the master) first gives general rules and hints, both as to what to say and how to say it; and notes how much severity, with what temperament of kindness, is required to maintain discipline. Then a novice stands forth in the middle, and for the nonce becomes the catechist; all the others are Sunday-school children. He proceeds to explain the first notions of religion to them; questions them sometimes; they, on their part, must personate children.

They rather overdo it in general. Such laziness, such disorder, such insubordination, could hardly be found in a reformatory. He has here to show his presence of mind, his energy, his self-command, and all the qualities indispensable to a good teacher. Then comes, as usual, the criticism; sometimes favorable, sometimes severe, always useful. In after-life, the teacher will have no witnesses of his class but the boys, and no one to give him good advice. True, it will be more serious then, and this is but a sort of child's play; but there is no objection to sham fights, naval manœuvres, and the Kriegspiel—why then should not this sort of game have its value too?

Here I may add a word or two about a similar exercise, which, as I have heard, is practised during the third probation\* (or second novitiate) by the priests who, after their theological studies, pass a year to prepare for active life in the ministry. I allude to the "exercise of confession." Certain of the "tertiaries" are appointed beforehand, and have to study their parts as penitents, so as to give the most trouble possible to the confessor. One is a *dévoté*, laden with the sins of other people; another, a nun, with no end of scruples and peccadilloes of her own; a third is a soldier, rough and ready—says he has done nothing, but lets plenty of sins be wormed out of him by degrees. A man kneels down—he is a Voltairean workman, come to dispute; followed by an innkeeper, whose earnings are not always of the most honorable kind; and then there comes a monk, with an unintelligible confession, having done something he does not like to say, and fears to leave unsaid. After all these have been questioned, counselled, rebuked, and (if possible) absolved in turn, there is the inevitable judgment upon the performance. "*Notre père* might have shown himself a little more authoritative in dealing with the Voltairean . . . perhaps patience was wanting in his treatment of the monk . . . he seemed to listen too willingly to the *dévoté's* tales" and so on. This exercise, though highly comical, if properly prepared by the characters, is also of great and undeniable value to the Catholic priest. It certainly seems at first sight irreverent; but then, let such as are shocked at the idea of "making game" of confession remember that by no other means can a priest, on account of the in-

\* The first probation comprises only the time of Postulance, before admission as a novice.

violable secrecy of that sacrament, discover either his own defects, or the remedy to them. Other priests cannot hear him while he confesses, and he is not allowed to hear others. The penitent may not correct him when he is wrong, and no one else is there to set him right. Long experience will of course help him, but at the cost of the penitents; and besides, time and age too often only confirm a bad habit of undue sternness or leniency.

After the catechism, half an hour of manual work. I pass rapidly over the rest of the day, in which the exercises are of less importance. A writing lesson, French grammar class, reading of the "Imitation of Christ" and the "Life of a Saint," a short meditation, the recital of the rosary, and the preparation of the meditation for next day, bring the novices down to supper before they have time to think about it. Busy hours fly swiftly.

At supper the menologium is read — a short biographical notice of the most remarkable fathers who died on the following day. I do not mean to call in question the good faith of the author of these notices; but, really, some facts, when read, always excited my feelings of curiosity as to how far they could be properly authenticated. For instance, the life of Father Anchieta, a missionary in Brazil, deals in the marvellous to a very great extent; and without questioning the possibility of miracles, we very naturally inquire by what evidence these miracles are corroborated. Father Anchieta commanded the birds of the air, and they came and perched on his shoulder, or hovered over a sick companion to shade him from the burning sun. He walked out in the forest at night, and returned accompanied by a couple of "panthers," to which he threw a cluster of bananas to reward them for having gone with him. He took most venomous serpents into his hands and placed them on his lap, and they did not bite him. Many other similar and still more extraordinary things are related of him, probably first made known to the world by his Indian converts, whose truthfulness was not equal to the occasion, and collected by some father who never thought of suspecting others of falsehood of which he was himself incapable. Such fathers, dove-like in simplicity, if not serpent-like in wisdom, do exist, as I well know; whether my supposition as regards the Indians is likely the reader may judge for himself.

The evening recreation, from 7.30 to 8.15, is enlivened by several interesting incidents. One is the arrival of a new

brother, who having gone home after his retreat to bid his relations farewell, is rather low-spirited and dejected, and will remain so for about a week or two; but there is great jubilation over him for all that. Another is the visit of the father minister, who has to take charge of all temporal affairs in the house; an aged, hoary-headed and white-bearded priest, who looks older than he is on account of the scorching sun of Madura, where he was a missionary. He generally has plenty of tales to relate concerning the Hindoos; revolts of the native Christians against their missionaries when the latter are too high-handed; arrival of an excommunicated priest from Goa to take his place; state of drunkenness in which the latter is found shortly after; disgust and repentance of the natives, and subsequent recall of the missionary. Also his poor opinion of the English Church in those parts, and his high appreciation of the impartiality of the British government. But to-night he comes on a very different errand. As minister of the residence, he is in want of money. Things are going on very badly indeed; expenses are high and few alms are given, because the Jesuits have the reputation of being rich. "It is our churches," says he. "When people see the churches adorned as they are, they cannot believe that we are sometimes at a loss to know what we shall have to eat to-morrow." And it is true; for the rule is, that the residences and novitiates must subsist on alms. The colleges, which have fixed revenues, come to their help now and then; but there is no denying that sometimes there is a hard pull. Nevertheless, Ignatius is for adorning the churches, no matter what impression is produced, and Ignatius must be obeyed. Having arranged with the novices for a novena to St. Joseph, the father goes away; to return a few days afterwards, triumphantly showing four bank-notes of a hundred francs.

*Frère Admoniteur* smites his hands together; it is the signal to begin rehearsing the points of next day's meditation, during the fifteen minutes which remain. The rehearsal does not, of course, exclude any private remarks or developments that a novice may have to give; and so the conversation goes on, until the bell rings.

Then commences the great silence — *silentium majus* — to be observed until after breakfast next day. Novices must not speak at any time without some degree of necessity; but during the *silentium majus* they must not speak unless the necessity be absolute and immediate. All

go to the private chapel, together with the residence fathers, and evening prayer, viz., the Litany of the Saints, is said. They then retire to their cells and examine their consciences, as before noon.

At nine the bell rings for bedtime. *Frère Réglementaire* is probably very glad to be able to put by his instrument for seven whole hours — if he does not dream of it at night. The curtains are pulled down, and divide the room into as many compartments as there are beds. Even to take off their coat or *soutane*, they must withdraw behind the curtains. Lights are extinguished, one after another; you soon hear a rushing, whistling, beating sound; it is the discipline, only permitted to some by special favor, for it is not Friday to-day.

All is silent again; and the novices, by order of holy obedience, go to sleep thinking of the next day's meditation, with their hands crossed over their breast.

And now as we retire, let me in conclusion remind you, reader, of the title which this paper bears. It is but a glimpse into the novitiate, and the very best eyes can see but little at one glimpse.

M. H. DZIEWICKI.

From Murray's Magazine.

#### THE COTTAGER AT HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANVERS JEWELS."

#### I.

#### COTTAGE ART.

WE have passed lately through a somewhat bewildering cycle of celebrities at home in every grade of the animal creation. We have become conversant alike with every detail of the domestic life of the Gar fish, and the popular poet, as of the embryo prime minister, the risen author, and the *Cyclops communis*, or vulgar water-flea. Having remarked the attention that an intelligent public has bestowed on what could hardly have been expected to concern it, we venture to assume, now more popular themes are exhausted, that even the cottager at home may excite a momentary interest for those whose acquired taste daily requires details respecting somebody or something at home somewhere. We even trust that if the disagreeable portion of the subject, as set forth in the repeated articles on the dwellings of the poor, be only quietly ignored; if our readers are not forced into attic bedrooms and damp cellars; if they are

not made uncomfortable, and it is uncomfortable for the moment to hear about the horrors that are walking in our midst; in short, if they are allowed to glance at the cottager at home when he is comparatively well-to-do; and if they are only asked to look at him from an irresponsible and consequently a rational point of view, — that they may find a few notes about him, or rather about his artistic tendencies, of sufficient interest to while away a tedious ten minutes before dinner, or the arrival of the carriage.

Perhaps the first thing that strikes a visitor on going into cottages, especially in the midland counties, is how little reverence or regard remains in the present day for old heirlooms, old bits of china, old furniture. The inhabitants of the manor and the hall think "the old is better," but not so their brethren in corduroy. "All things new" is their creed, and all the more fixedly so because, like other creeds, they can so seldom act up to it.

The oak settee, the dear old corner cupboard, the tall inlaid clock, are rapidly becoming things of the past in the cottages. They are swept up by dealers and foragers of every description, and it is sad to see the old family friends of a bygone generation losing their polish in curiosity shops, and looking out at their time of life for another situation.

And even if one finds some cottager who is unwilling to part with the quaint bit of furniture or china that has caught your fancy, and who shakes his head as your hand dives into your pocket, it is not because the article in question has a value for him as a thing of beauty, but because it happens to be "granfeyther's cheer," or "mither's teapot, as she had from her mither afore her, and as she drank her last cup of tea out of afore she was took."

If the departed relative had happened to use the metal teapot instead of the china one for her final dissipation, you might have gone on your way rejoicing.

Only the other day I noticed in a well-to-do cottage a very beautiful old carved chair, and was told by the woman to whom it belonged that she had bought it to match her cupboard. I looked round for the cupboard.

"Eh! dear miss, and I wish you could have seen it afore it went," and she described an oak chest, carved all over, with a raised king's head in the centre, and a date "as she couldna' make out." It is needless to say she had been offered a small sum for it by a dealer, and that she had vowed she would not part with it, no,

not for less than double. She had, of course been taken at her word, and a cart had immediately appeared upon the scene.

The same woman bade her daughter fetch her scrap-book to show me, and as the child went for it told me that she had given her an old book "to paste her little picters in. It had been granfeyther's, and he had set great store by it, so she didna like to make away with it, so she had given it to the child."

The sight of the poor old book, a quarto volume of sermons dating two hundred and thirty years back, with its treatise on the passions, its queer old engravings and illuminated headings, its erratic spelling and pompous dedication to "Her Highness the Princesse Elizabeth, Princesse Palatine of the Rhine, and Dutchesse of Bavaria," appealed to my finer feelings. It was not worth much, but it had a certain dignity. It had fallen, if not from a high, still from a respectable estate. "Granfeyther had set great store by it," and I rescued it for a shilling, and sponged off the humiliations gummed to its first pages, and found it a place on my shelf.

Near it stands, in a place of honor, a once homeless and destitute teapot. It is white Wedgwood, beautifully shaped, covered with lightly draped figures in delicate bas-relief, the lid ornamented by the figure of a swan, minus the head, alas! That teapot was picked up from a dung-heap in the neighborhood. The head of the swan is probably there still.

Yes, all things new. That is the one idea. The spirit of the thriving working class—if it can afford to indulge in that most dismal of possessions, a parlor—yearns after horsehair sofas with crochet-work antimacassars, after wax flowers under glass shades, and woolwork mats supporting immaculate family Bibles, unruffled by an enquiring thumb. The pictorial art is in keeping with the rest of the apartment. A few familiar specimens rise before my mind's eye as I write. There is "Happy Childhood" represented by a dropsical infant seated on an expensive cushion, twining roses round the neck of an attendant dove. Then there is "Charity" (poor Charity, who exists only to be caricatured!) showing a vulgar, over-dressed aristocrat in the act of relieving a starving family with the contents of an elegant flower-basket, while her coach and horses prance in the rear. That picture, although it hangs on the wall, belongs to a past generation. Such fossilized ideas about the relations of the classes are happily obsolete now among the poor, at any

rate, if still extant in some very remote country places in the minds of the basket-owners.

Then there is "The Little Peacemaker," one of a numerous class of pictures which deals exclusively with domestic life in the highest circles. We have our "Lion at Home." They have the nobility in its private moments.

"The Little Peacemaker" is represented by an outrageously fashionable female child, got up regardless of expense in a short flounced frock, and a pair of highly polished French boots with tassels. She is trying in an impossible attitude to draw a ringleted lady in full evening dress (no doubt her mother) in the direction of a profusely whiskered cad (no doubt her father), who is reading a newspaper with one leg curled bonelessly round the other. One can only wonder that the repugnance of the lady could be overcome at all, but the French boots are evidently winning the day.

Perhaps worse than any of these, because positively harmful, are the pictures which take upon themselves to represent well-known Scriptural events. I have seen pictures of this description which, like the gratitude of men, have left me mourning.

"Harmful?" I hear the usual rejoinder. "Oh, no! You forget *they* don't look at them as you do. *They* don't think them irreverent."

Perhaps that is the very point. Perhaps if they saw the irreverence, the picture would do them no harm. Of course half a loaf is better than no bread. To some minds a "Little Peacemaker" is preferable to a bare wall. The craving for adornment is the same in all classes. There is a great gulf fixed between the prosperous and the struggling working class, those that have parlors and those that have none, but, however poor the struggling class may be, poor to insufficient clothing and paucity of food, they will cover their walls somehow. They know the want of color: not good drawing, not anything elevating, or even interesting, but a bit of bright color. In a few houses I know belonging to older people, richly colored paper portraits of the queen and the prince consort at the time of their marriage are still to be seen, carefully preserved, but rather dilapidated when contrasted with the brand-new roseate soldier pasted near them, whose pink expressionless face has a far-off, a very far-off look of Gordon. Many, too, is the paper advertisement that started life on a



biscuit or grocer's box, which, by reason of its flaunting colored trademark, its crimson bull's head, or its gamboge lion, is passing an honored old age on a cottage wall. Insurance companies' sheets of securities, old almanacs, old fashion-plates, nothing comes amiss, provided it comes brightly clad. Anything to break the dead level of the wall with its mouldering paper or dingy whitewash.

In the bedroom of a very miserable cottage I know (excuse me, reader, I am only going into it for a moment, — I shall be down again directly), there is a paper pattern of woolwork slippers carefully pinned against the wall. That one little attempt at decoration impressed the poverty of the house upon me more than the low bed heaped with old clothes, more than the gaunt woman bending over it with the hungry, hunted look in her eyes, or even than the prostrate, motionless figure in the half-light, whose only chance was "a liberal and nourishing diet."

What had been considered utterly worthless, what had been thrust away into a well-to-do waste-paper basket, what had perhaps fluttered on a dust-heap, had been picked up, and brought home, and raised to honor over the head of the bed. The pictures that can be bought for a penny, the glories of art that are obedient to the beckoning of a sixpence, rose up before me. And through all the years of that hungry woman's life she had never got further than that paper pattern!

These are the houses where four tin-tacks and a colored sheet out of an illustrated paper are bailed with delight; more delight than the much-needed but unornamental flannel petticoat that accompanies it. The aristocrats who have front parlors and *frames* would think scorn of your humble offering, but here it is a welcome guest.

"Come down wi' ye," said an old woman the other day, tearing down a diminutive photograph of a gentleman relative, and hanging on its nail a picture which I had brought her.

"Well!" stepping back, arms akimbo, to contemplate a specimen of floral art strewn with butterflies, about which I had had my doubts, "Well! I never thought I should ha' had such a present as *that*."

One class remains, an ever-dwindling one, of which we have not yet spoken; the agricultural laboring people who are prosperous, and yet who have *not* parlors. They are dying out, at least in the mid-

land counties, about which I am at present speaking. May they never quite die out, the people who, as they would say, stand on their own footing, and "can't abide folks settin' theirselves up to be quality!" They have self-respect, and, just as the old county family refuses with quiet dignity the title that is caught at so eagerly by the hatter's grandson, so they feel that they do not depend on parlors, and can even afford to dispense with those recognized credentials of gentility, wax flowers under glass shades.

Who does not know the look of those houses, with their patchwork strip of garden in front? I think God favors cottage-gardens; they are always so gay with hollyhocks and old-fashioned roses, so sweet with clumps of gillyflower and lavender close against the wall. And the big yew-tree, with the top clipped in the similitude of a peacock, keeps guard over the gate. Sometimes there is another yew on the other side trying to be a peacock too. It may have but one slender shoot as yet where the bushy, comet-like tail should be, but it has grasped the idea, and it presses in its tender youth towards the mark.

When you knock at the open door you are taken into the kitchen, the kitchen which will soon exist only in romance; with its shining array of cooking implements; its miracles of framed sampler; its dresser displaying a complete set of willow pattern; its tall family clock which marks (so you are told) the tides and the rising of the moon; its pendent glories of nude flitch and papered ham, under which at certain seasons of the year you are requested with true politeness not to sit, "for fear o' the droppings."

There is comfort in a room of this description, and there is also a certain dignity which is somehow lacking in the shrine of "The Little Peacemaker." And the apron is not torn off, and the darning is not laid down when you come in. These are the houses where one is most at ease, and out of which I am sure — in the experience of any one who has become nearly acquainted with his poor relations — the best of our English working class come; people independent in manner as one would wish them to be, loyal in heart, people who are not afraid of hard work; people whose numbers, alas! even in the recollection of those who have hardly reached middle age, are decreasing year by year.

## II.

## VILLAGE ENTERTAINMENTS.

A MAN, we are told, is always a rogue when he is ill; and might it not with truth be added, when he is — *dull*? We all know that a malevolent spirit is specially employed to lure idle hands into unprofitable activity. It is part of our nature to be doing something, just as, in default of a mouse, a kitten finds it necessary to waylay and circumvent its own tail. I have always considered a Manx cat a particularly sad and vacant-minded individual, the reason no doubt being that it has had no tail to serve it as a pursuit in infancy, and a responsibility through rapidly closing doors in later life.

In large towns I suppose dulness has in a great measure been elbowed out, even from among the lowest in the social scale, though possibly rather at the expense of peace, quiet, and respectability. Certainly the little London street arab who deposits your coin in his mouth, being only too literally out of pocket, though his clothing is suggestive of pockets all over, may look hungry, but he never looks dull. The class above him who are in some kind of work look cold at times, especially in winter, and discontented perhaps, but seldom dull.

It is to the country that dulness has fled, and intrenched itself among the laboring class, even occasionally in their very churches.

The unvaried monotony in many places of the country laborer's existence has aroused in most of us at some time a passing sympathy, even if Mr. Jessop had not drawn a picture, which those who live in the country must have recognized as true, of the dulness, the apathy, of the little groups of laborers one sees standing about together after their work is done. This state of things sometimes leads to unfortunate results. No less a sum than three hundred and fifty pounds passed from one Yorkshire village to another last summer in the course of one week. The men had betted two or three weeks' wages in advance on their local cricket match. Anything for a little excitement! Possibly they may have had it, when they returned home to their wives.

So much is done for the poor you hear nowadays, though rarely from those *by* whom much is done. And it is true. There are the Sunday schools where young ladies teach, an advantage to the children of the poor which those inti-

mately acquainted with the extent of a young lady's education alone can adequately appreciate. There are Friendly Societies, clubs for young and old, reading-rooms, mothers' meetings, lending libraries of those choice selected volumes which we read with such avidity ourselves, in which a timid little narrative trips up and finally loses itself in a maze of Scriptural instruction, and struggles up at the end for a moment, only to be suffocated for good by a flood of texts and a moral. A dinner is generally ready to rush in a covered basket on the heels of an accident or illness. Acts of personal kindness are very common. You hear, "The quality are very kind." The poorer girls of the village know that Providence will provide them through a certain recognized channel with their outfit when they are going to their first place. Remedial tracts for temporary backslidings are not wanting. Whether ill or well much is done, but in the same place where many or all of these things are willingly performed, the need for one thing more — for amusement — is but rarely seen, rarely taken into account; the essential need of recreation after work, of innocent employment of spare time.

And let those who are interested in "their own people" (and I know I am speaking to a large class), let them, while they do so much for the education and the welfare and the comfort of their poor, remember that there is still one thing needful. Let them remember that the young especially *will* have amusement. They will get it somehow. Have it they must, if not innocent, then questionable.

I know that much is justly said against dancing as a recreation for the young (I wonder why people who disapprove of it always call it promiscuous dancing), but I have never been able to see why, if it is a harmless amusement for ourselves, it should be bad for our young foster brothers and sisters in the village. People who have never at one time of their lives really loved dancing for its own sake, have never had any genuine youth, and must not be allowed to lay down the law for the young, as they so often try to do. It is one of the many unrecognized duties of the young to keep persons of this description in their proper place, which is a back seat when questions of this kind are discussed. The elder generation who have danced themselves never forget. They understand. Let *them* judge.

Some of the village balls at which I

have been present, and where I have seen more genuine and intense enjoyment than at many a fashionable one, were given in his own house by a clergyman, who in his youth had been an enthusiastic dancer.

I have known village lads walk six miles at night after their day's work, to dance at some low place in the nearest country town and trudge back in the small hours. A good dance from time to time in a well-lighted parish room or tent, among their own favorite girls, under approving supervision, would have soon taken the wind out of the sails out of a slipshod gin-shop six miles off.

Fortunately for those who live in the country it is not hard to amuse the village mind. Very few among ourselves, if we come to think of it, carry about with us a spirit of enjoyment. Our mental high collars, our tight lacing, our pinching shoes, go with us wherever we go. We cannot enjoy ourselves for the sake of enjoying ourselves. We want circumstances. That is the worst of us; and it is here that the poor have the advantage of us. They don't want any circumstances. They have, as a class, just that simplicity which we as a class have lost; that keen relish and generous appetite for simple, very simple diet, with which our over-refined digestions have parted company.

Look at the lower orders (I hate the word, but I know of no other) enjoying themselves. Mark the deep murmur of satisfaction, the subdued quaking of the waistcoat, the sudden roar of applause, the enthusiasm which finds vent in smiting itself and its neighbor upon the thigh, and in hammering the floor through. A village concert is of course the commonest style of entertainment, and as a rule a popular one, though perhaps it might be made still more so if the people who have to listen to it were a little more considered by the organizers. Who has not heard long, weary violin solos at such entertainments because so and so played the violin and could not be left out? Who has not heard a little feeble soprano warble out "Tis the last woe of summer," because she is the squire's daughter, and has had lessons? It is the same principle as that of Caleb Balderstone. It is giving what is absolutely worthless, what we (in private life) bear with grim patience as a dispensation of Providence, to the poor. And it is a little old-fashioned now to think that what we ourselves find a weariness of the flesh is likely to afford them any poignant satisfaction.

But in trying to amuse, with the best intentions, one may fail, and then the good people do not do things by halves. If they are not amused they do not pretend to be amused. They sit perfectly stolid, respectful, attentive, but they do not flatter you whom they respect perhaps and like, and who are taking such trouble and getting into such a state of heat on their account. It never occurs to them to act a lie, even such a harmless lie as that. You have chosen your piece of reading, or your song, or whatever it is, badly. It does not tickle them, and they are true to themselves. They make no sign.

Then let a man of experience, a man who knows the bucolic mind, succeed you. It certainly is very humiliating. That good-natured stranger who is staying with you, who comes forward gravely biting a large piece out of a slice of bread, brings down the house before he has spoken a word. He sings a little song with his mouth full. He is preternaturally grave all the time. At the end of the first verse he informs his audience that that *is* the first verse, adding funereally, "There are only two verses."

The audience screams with delight. The floor threatens to give way beneath the pounding of enthusiastic feet. He is a man after the audience's own heart.

This style of wit may possibly strike a town reader as small; but a very little humor will go a long way with a village audience, provided it be of the right sort—namely, visible to the naked eye, or obvious to every intellect. I have seen a wretch convulse two hundred villagers by singing a song in his hat, out of a small hole in the top of which he drew his very dilapidated pocket-handkerchief. They could see the wit of that. A slice of bread taken into the system in large bites appealed irresistibly to their sense of the ludicrous. A pocket-handkerchief pulled out through a hole in the top of a hat spoke for itself.

There are also stock subjects, a hit at which is certain to bring down the house at any time. Any depreciatory allusion to the married state may always be relied on, and a hit at a policeman invariably gives pleasure.

Next best to being made to laugh, a village audience likes to be made to cry; and very little will do it, if that also is set about in the right way. There are certain songs and certain tunes which affect us all. What soldier's wife or sister can hear without a certain contraction of the heart the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind

me"? What Frenchman will not fire up at the mere echo of the "Marseillaise"? What village audience will not sympathize with "Home, Sweet Home"? It does not matter how often they hear it; they are always ready to hear about the low-thatched cottage again, even those among them who have new tiled roofs and a stucco porch. There is no place like home, as some of us know to our cost. But they never get so far as that. They are always touched—always, always, by "Home, Sweet Home." Very popular too is a song that treats of a young woman who is portrayed as being, somewhere in the spring, by a river, or a stile—anywhere will do—who is not found to be there later on, say in the autumn, though the stile and the river remain very much as they were.

Any song about a young creature of the name of Mary is also fairly sure of success if the name is repeated often enough, Mary being in most villages the commonest name of any. Everybody has got a Mary, or knows a Mary, though, alas! a Mary generally united to a prosaic Jane or Anne, which is never omitted in conversation.

A village concert is generally popular, as we have seen; but I am sure far more amusement will generally be found in an entertainment got up and mainly given by the people themselves, with one or two of the "quality" to direct, suggest, and control. This involves personal trouble and time, which, no doubt, in the busy lives of our country gentry can ill be spared; but when a small capital of this kind can be laid out, without detriment to more important avocations, it will bring in a heavy interest, and will not, I think, be regretted.

The people, of course, require to be educated to it, to a certain degree, to be made to wish to emulate other places, to gain confidence in themselves, to become ambitious. What is more hopeful than the slow enunciation, with the head a little on one side, of a worthy householder of Slowcum, that "if them of Slumberleigh could do it, why not them of Slowcum"?

I have known a whole village kept employed and interested, and liable to sudden bursts of laughter at whispered allusions, for three weeks or more, by a set of wax-works which the energetic squire set going. The people were to do it; the people were to make their own dresses and the stage requirements; the people, and none but the people, were to appear

upon the stage. The girls had their dresses, all of the commonest, though the most effective, materials, to make, the expense of the stuffs being defrayed by the money gained. The time of one young man was entirely taken up in devising a cunning spring, by means of which a pasteboard lion, the elaborate work of another artist, was to be made wildly to wave its tail when Una put her head into its jaws.

The young man who was to personate an infant as reared on Nestlé's Infant Food shaved the moustache that had been the work of years. Enthusiasm made a rush at two entire suits of tin-foil and brown paper armor, two pasteboard chargers, two donkeys ditto, and an unknown number of spears, bugles, and swords, and carried all before it. Everybody felt that the moment had come for distinguishing himself or herself. There were two rehearsals every week amid shrieks of laughter, not to be controlled even by the presence of the squire, who, like an able officer, rebuked, restrained, exhorted, and finally led on to the victory.

The delight of the village at beholding their own kith and kin exalted before them in unexpected dresses under vivid lamplight was indescribable. Was not that William, their own William of the post-office, whom they beheld in glorious apparel as a brigand chief? "Eh, but William's Jane! well might she be proud this night!" And Queen Elizabeth? was not that—why—if it wasn't Jemima Ann! And the nun; her in the black dress and white cross; could it be Hemma, Brooks's Hemma, Brooks's of the mills Hemma?

The roof was nearly taken off; would have been if there had been standing-room for another voice to swell the applause.

Opportunities make themselves for those who are on the lookout for them for providing, or better still, helping forward village entertainments, and it should be remembered that though the actual amusement to be got out of any entertainment is but temporary and dies with it, still the effect upon the rural mind is far more lasting, making it more capable of taking an interest, more energetic, more abhorrent of a vacuum.

No better time for what is vulgarly called a happy day exists than a harvest home.

I have seen harvest homes which were quite an epoch in the village year; when the squire and his farmers joined together

to provide a dinner and an afternoon's entertainment for their joint laborers, allowing the world in general admission after dinner at sixpence a head. A conjuror, a Punch and Judy show, an Aunt Sally, and a medicine bottle, at which a rifle could be let off thrice for a penny, constituted the bulk of the entertainment, and when it became dusk lamps were lighted in the largest tent and dancing began.

"This," said one of the county magnates present, planting a magisterial walking-stick firmly in the sod, "this is true wisdom. That Aunt Sally nips Radicalism in the bud, and a meeting like this will do more good to the right side than twenty Conservative ones."

That village entertainments entail trouble and labor on the part of the squire, clergyman, or whoever is the chief mover in the parish there is no doubt. The days are gone by when Lady Bountiful can be enacted, and there is nothing for it now but working *with* the people instead of approving and smiling benignantly from a distance. Assisting by proxy and *de haut en bas* will no longer carry a thing through and bring it to a successful issue, if it ever did.

Personal trouble is the weapon of the present day as regards the lower classes. Where you lead personally they will at present follow; what you hold up to respect is sacred to them still; where you can show clean hands and an upright life, clean hands will grow to be respected, and — an immense step — dirty ones to be despised.

Opinion moves more slowly in the country than in the towns, and it is of the country only that I am now speaking, of places where Radicalism is still hardly more than a name, where the influence of the resident upper class as yet predominates.

Surely the lower classes were never more really dependent upon us than now, when (like a creeping child discovering it is possessed of legs) they are beginning to hear that they have rights, beginning to feel their independence.

Creeping is with our species in the nature of things, *for a time*, but walking is an advance upon it, in which youthful enterprise, ignorant of the laws of gravity, may contract heavy falls and many contusions, unless the experienced helping hand (instead of being withdrawn in contempt of infantile conceit) will still uphold, restrain, and guide.

From The Saturday Review.

#### EMERSON IN CONCORD.\*

THIS is a welcome supplement to what has already been published about Emerson, and a discreet one, notwithstanding its intimate character. It gives us a faithful view, much of it in Emerson's own words, of his every-day habits of thought and life, and it avoids that plague of pitiless detail which has been the ruin of so many modern biographies. It does not aim at forming any estimate of Emerson's place in literature, or correcting any which has been put forth. Obviously it is not a son's place to perform this judicial office for his father's memory; and, indeed, it is not now the time for any one to perform it. The generations of those who walked with Emerson in his lifetime, or looked up to him as a living power, have had their say, and the time of posterity is not yet. Nor is the book a didactic one in any sense, much less controversial. We have noted a distinct undertaking of biographical correction in only one point. Various odd notions have been current about Emerson at different times. Once he was commonly thought, and especially by well-informed, matter-of-fact persons constitutionally incapable of appreciating his work, to be a merely dreamy and unpractical kind of man; a latter-day mystic, with all the unsocial and unaccountable perversities which that character is supposed to imply. Lately it has been found that Carlyle, who certainly had no predilection for weak-kneed folk, did not esteem him that kind of person at all, and that he was effectually helpful to Carlyle in quite solid mundane arrangements with American publishers. Hence a contrary exaggeration has led some to regard Emerson as having in him a keen Yankee man of business as well as a philosopher. But it did not take any extraordinary faculty of that sort to make a man look businesslike in contrast with Carlyle, and Dr. Emerson disclaims for his father anything beyond this, "that he was usually right in his instincts of the character of the persons with whom he dealt." Such an instinct, however, when joined to perfect simplicity of purpose, often enough disconcerts the man of the world, who thereupon credits its possessor with new and strange depths of cunning. Emerson was, in truth, a plain citizen, who would never wittingly neglect a duty, but who took a very mod-

\* Emerson in Concord: a Memoir written for the "Social Circle" in Concord, Mass. By Edward Waldo Emerson. Boston, Mass., and London: Sampson Low & Co. Limited. 1889.



erate interest in his own affairs, loving his books more than business, and nature better than his books. It appears that soon after his first marriage he was elected a hog-reeve in Concord (a burden imposed by the custom of the town on newly married men), and we are left to suppose that he executed that office with due diligence and with whatever dignity it was capable of. Considered as a parallel to Emerson's intellectual activity, the work of a hog-reeve was hardly appropriate. A nameless sage has observed, "They're an animal that's hard for one man to drive—very—is a pig." Now it was not in Emerson's nature, as a teacher or moralist, to drive anybody. People who expect to be driven along a lane or led by the nose have therefore found Emerson a disappointing guide.

He assumes a certain willingness to go along with him, for the moment at any rate; at the same time he almost requires a certain independence. He does not profess to lead except by enlightening, nor to enlighten except by clearing away accidental obscurities and making room for every man to use his own light. "The office of the scholar," he wrote in a journal quoted in this book, "is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances." His way of teaching was to bear witness to what he perceived as true and right, and let the rest come of itself. He would have no part in the dissembling and temporizing of practical politics, and would rather hold his peace than speak where he might not speak his whole mind. Once he was asked to lecture in Salem about anything he pleased, "provided no allusions are made to religious controversy, or other exciting topics upon which the public mind is honestly divided." He refused, with the remark, "I am really sorry that any person in Salem should think me capable of accepting an invitation so encumbered." The philosophic reader will remember Spinoza's refusal of a professorship at Heidelberg, similar to Emerson's in principle, but less bluntly expressed. The diplomatic irony of Spinoza's letter was a necessity of his time and circumstances; he might well have envied Emerson's plain English.

We get here many interesting details of Emerson's training and early life. Every one who has read Emerson's essays knows that Montaigne was one of his favorite authors; but it is something more to have it under Emerson's own hand that he actually formed himself on Montaigne

in the most active and receptive period of youth. "In Roxbury in 1825" (at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two) "I read Cotton's translation of Montaigne. It seemed to me as if I had written the book myself in some former life, so sincerely it spoke my thought and experience. No book before or since was ever so much to me as that." Of course, much of the attraction was the attraction of unlikeness. Montaigne talks with a splendid indifference about all things in heaven and earth, himself included. Himself, not because he thinks Michel de Montaigne a specially interesting or important person, but because he does not see why he should be less interesting than other people, and happens to know a good deal more of him. Emerson projects himself into the world, and leaves you to divine him as best you can from his way of seeing things. He has nothing to tell us of the habits of the swine whose trespasses he was appointed to correct. If Montaigne had been hog-reeve instead of Emerson, we should have known half the pigs in Concord by sight. Nevertheless, the two men have much of the root of the matter in common. Their widely different ways of expressing themselves are alike founded in a robust belief in the nature of things, and a healthy distrust of formulas whether old or new. Here is a protest against fads which comes with singular opportuneness at this day; it was written in 1842: "A man cannot force himself by any self-denying ordinances, neither by water nor potatoes, nor by violent passivities, by refusing to swear, refusing to pay taxes, by going to jail, or by taking another man's crop." Hear this, ye New Radicals, our apostles of refusals and violent passivities—if your sensitive ears, attuned to the mild persuasions of your passive O'Briens and recusant Conybeares, can abide to hear out such blasphemy. True it is that Emerson adds, "By none of these ways can he free himself, no, nor by paying his debts with money;" he need not have warned you against excessive belief in that method.

It must be added that Emerson was a humanist, and somewhat of the Renaissance type. He read Erasmus's dialogues with his son, the writer of this book, and made him read Plutarch's lives. Nay, he shared that singular prejudice or illusion of old-fashioned scholars that modern languages are easy; "he said one could easily pick up French and German for himself." Thereafter as the one may be. Some have become scholars by picking up

Latin and Greek for themselves, but their success has not been considered a safe example for the majority of boys.

Emerson was by constitution, education, and profession a man of peace. Probably he would never have been a smart soldier, certainly he could never have been a disciplinarian. But he was far too good a citizen to be a peace-at-any-price man. He not only accepted the Civil War as inevitable, but took pleasure in observing how the stress of war developed national virtues. Some ten years before the war there were premonitions which seem not to have wholly displeased Emerson. A Concord elector said to him, as he passed on his way to town meeting, "No — I ain't goin'. It's no use a-ballotin', for it won't stay. What you do with a gun will stay so." The opinion was premature; but Emerson — and, let us hope, his sturdy neighbor also — lived to see it justified.

Is it necessary to prove that Emerson was a gentleman? Hardly; but there is one little trait which to any one in search of proof should be conclusive. It is a piece of Emerson's familiar advice: "In a letter any expressions may be abbreviated rather than those of respect and kindness: never write 'Yours affly.'" Dr. Emerson gives this in a note in connection with his father's general habit of severe revision and his precepts to young authors. These are so good, and so much to the point after forty odd years, that we shall end by transcribing some of them:

"Your work gains for every 'very' you can cancel." "Don't italicize; you should so write that the italics show without being there." "Beware of the words 'intense' and 'exquisite': to very few people would the occasion for the word 'intense' come in a lifetime."

From *The Spectator*.

#### THE WHITE COMYN: AN OLD TRAGEDY.\*

BEFORE her marriage, the wife of Lord Middleton was known as Miss Gordon Cumming of Altyra. A sister to the present baronet of that house, she is endowed with a large share of the various talents, evinced in many varied ways, which have distinguished the family. Her new book is a narrative poem founded on an old tradition about an incident in the long feud betwixt near neighbors, Randolph,

Earl of Moray, and his successors on one side, with Clan Comyn on the other. One Alastair Bhan, or the White Comyn, was done to death in a very cruel fashion. He was hunted into a cave, which is still pointed out; its narrow entrance was filled with brush-wood, which was then fired; the flame was constantly fed for a long time; and the refugee was choked by the reek. The old castle of Dunphail was then besieged and taken, Alastair's father, with his brothers, being captured and killed. Their corpses were buried in a knoll near their house, called for long years the "grave of the headless Comyns."

The ground was upturned in the course of last century, when half-a-dozen skeletons, each without a skull, were found in rudely constructed stone chests. The story was told sixty years since by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. In adapting it, Lady Middleton has used the poetic license to enlarge and embellish, showing fine imaginative powers in the romantic conceptions she has interwoven or superinduced. She justly says, "A tale is dull without women;" so she brings in a Lady Ydonea, a niece and ward of Randolph's, who becomes the sweetheart of Alastair, with the effect of greatly intensifying the situation. Other two novel characters of very different types, though both remarkably well drawn, are introduced. The one is Sir Denys, of French descent, yet a nephew to Randolph, an amiable book-worm, who loves and hopes to win his cousin. The other is her maid, Lupola, a creature barely human, though exquisitely beautiful, save for her wolfish eyes. It is confessed that the idea of her was taken from a weird story by George MacDonald in his "Robert Falconer," which, says the borrower, "he has left out in later editions, more's the pity." She plays a great part in the drama. Though sometimes wearing an aspect of unreality, yet she is the product of a strong imagination, conjoined with a keen analytic faculty. The present, as has been indicated, is not Lady Middleton's first essay in the poetic region; but it is her most ambitious and important. The accomplishment of verse she has not thoroughly attained, for many of her lines are rugged and abrupt; yet the expression is always clear, if not so elegant as it might have been made, the color vivid, and the feeling true, while through all there palpitates a passionate love of Morayshire that cannot be restrained. For this cause, "Moray loons," as they call themselves, whether abroad or at home, whether belonging to the

\* The Story of Alastair Bhan Comyn; or, the Tragedy of Dunphail. By the Lady Middleton. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

triumphant Saxon majority, or to the lessening number of the Celtic population, will prize the volume, which, apart from its literary charm, abounds in copious, erudite, and informing notes.

One of the best scenes is an account of a family council called by the old chief of the Comyns, when he foresaw the ruin of his house as imminent. His sons were all ready for self-sacrificing effort. Their proposals as to what each could or should do were all strangely unlike, and provocative only of good-humored jest. The recital is given with great spirit; but the moral of the whole is summed up by old Sir Alexander, whose language, without doubt, expresses one of the deepest wishes cherished by his remote descendant, the authoress:—

Stand true, O sons, to clan and family.  
So be your boast of lofty things alone:  
What dispositions you may recognize  
As of the blood, and native to the race,  
Weld and so temper, as an armorer  
Converts rough iron to the nobler steel,  
Till through the fire of trial, that for all  
Who live, not dully slumbering, doth burn,  
Ye may pass shining to the opening glow  
Of a fair future for yourselves and name.

Sir Denys, though belonging to the opposite camp, is pictured as a man of such a type. He was chafed and mortified when Ydonea, appealing to him for help to save his rival, confessed that to that rival she had given her love; but his goodness and magnanimity prevailed, inducing him to do his best, though unsuccessfully. After a severe inward struggle,

he rose resolved and fortified,  
Threw off the man, and clad the angel on:  
For her to dare? his life was all her own;  
For her to die? what left gray life to him  
Of joy or gain?

The comment on this is:—

We borrow from our immortality  
The might to do such deeds, when mortal  
strength  
Of will and flesh forsake us.

The description of Alastair's death is a very gruesome but powerful passage. In strong contrast to it are several rich and beautiful songs, buoyant with the buoyancy of hope and faith. Of another order is the summons which accompanies the despatch of the fiery cross to gather the clan. A few verses we subjoin. They are almost worthy of Scott:—

The blood of the Comyn fresh tainteth the  
gale!  
The cheeks of his women are haggard and  
pale;  
And hills of Lochaber ring loud to their wail!  
The chief of Clan Allan hath armed for the  
fight,  
The shrouds of the mountain lie heavy and  
white,  
Hoarse croaketh the corbie from gloaming till  
light.

Oh, rouse ye, Clan Comyn, from mountain  
and moor!  
Out wood and by water! forth cavern or door!  
No shelter is trusty, no homestead is sure!

Raites' daughter hath burnished his armor of  
steel,  
His claymore is ground by his son on the  
wheel;  
Now dare, ye false foemen, for mercy appeal!

That cross with the blood of Lochaber is dyed;  
'Twas dipped in the torrent that welled from  
his side,  
And loudly for vengeance his spirit hath cried.

Oh, rouse ye, Clan Comyn! the muster of  
war  
Is cried from the summit of chill, grey Cairn-  
Bar:  
There gather,—come morrow,—from nigh  
and from far.

It should be stated that Lady Middleton makes her Randolph, not the great earl, Bruce's lieutenant, but him who fell at Neville's Cross in 1346. Her volume has a touching dedication to her relative and close friend, Lady Thurlow, in whom the blood of the Comyns mingles with that of Bruce.







# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.



IN 1889 THE LIVING AGE enters upon its forty-sixth year. Approved in the outset by Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, President Adams, historians Sparks, Prescott, Ticknor, Bancroft, and many others, it has met with constant commendation and success.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE, it gives fifty-two numbers of sixty-four pages each, or more than Three and a Quarter Thousand double-column octavo pages of reading-matter yearly. It presents in an inexpensive form, considering its great amount of matter, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with a completeness nowhere else attempted,

The best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Tales, Sketches of Travel and Discovery, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political Information, from the entire body of Foreign Periodical Literature, and from the pens of

## The Foremost Living Writers.

The ablest and most cultivated intellects, in every department of Literature, Science, Politics, and Art, find expression in the Periodical Literature of Europe, and especially of Great Britain.

The Living Age, forming four large volumes a year, furnishes from the great and generally inaccessible mass of this literature the only compilation that, while within the reach of all, is satisfactory in the COMPLETENESS with which it embraces whatever is of immediate interest, or of solid, permanent value.

It is therefore indispensable to every one who wishes to keep pace with the events or intellectual progress of the time, or to cultivate in himself or his family general intelligence and literary taste.

## OPINIONS.

"No man who understands the worth and value of this sterling publication would think of doing without it. . . Nowhere else can be found such a comprehensive and perfect view of the best literature and thought of our times. . . Every article is an apple of gold in a picture of silver. . . It furnishes to all the means to keep themselves intelligently abreast of the time."—*Christian at Work, New York.*

"It is a living picture of the age on its literary side. It was never brighter, fresher, or more worthy of its wide patronage. . . To glance at its table of contents is in itself an inspiration. . . No man will be behind the literature of the times who reads THE LIVING AGE."—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"Perennial in its attractions for the intelligent reader it is one of those few publications, weekly or monthly which seem indispensable. . . The only possible objection that could be urged to it is the immense amount of reading it gives. . . There is nothing noteworthy in science, art, literature, biography, philosophy, or religion, that cannot be found in it. It is a library in itself. . . Such a publication exhausts our superlatives."—*The Churchman, New York.*

"Replete with all the treasures of the best current thought, the best fiction, and the best poetry of the day. . . It stands unrivalled."—*The Presbyterian, Phila.*

"The more valuable to a man, the longer he takes it. He comes to feel that he cannot live without it."—*New-York Evangelist.*

"Years of acquaintance with its weekly issues have impressed us more and more with a sense of its value and importance in an age when knowledge has increased beyond all precedent, and the multiplication of publications of all sorts makes it impossible for any one to keep up with the current. By the careful and judicious work put into the editing of THE LIVING AGE, it is made possible for the busy man to know something of what is going on with ever increasing activity in the world of letters. Without such help he is lost."—*Episcopal Recorder, Philadelphia.*

"Through its pages alone it is possible to be as well informed in current literature as by the perusal of a long list of monthlies."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"The readers miss very little that is important in the periodical domain."—*Boston Journal.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY at \$8.00 a year, free of postage.

## CLUB PRICES FOR THE BEST HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

["Possessed of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, and of one or other of our vivacious American monthlies, a subscriber will find himself in command of the whole situation."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*]

For \$10.50, THE LIVING AGE and any one of the four-dollar monthly magazines (or *Harper's Weekly* or *Bazar*) will be sent for a year, with postage prepaid on both; or, for \$9.50, THE LIVING AGE and the *St. Nicholas* or *Scribner's Magazine*, postpaid.

ADDRESS

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford St., Boston.

"One of the few periodicals worth keeping in a library. . . It maintains its leading position in spite of the multitude of aspirants for public favor."—*New-York Observer.*

"Its value can hardly be reckoned in dollars and cents. A repository of the best thought of the best writers of our day and generation."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

"Biography, fiction, science, criticism, history, poetry, travels, whatever men are interested in, all are found here."—*The Watchman, Boston.*

"It may be truthfully and cordially said that it never offers a dry or valueless page."—*New-York Tribune.*

"It is edited with great skill and care, and its weekly appearance gives it certain advantages over its monthly rivals."—*Albany Argus.*

"It saves much labor for busy people who wish to keep themselves well informed upon the questions of the day."—*The Advance, Chicago.*

"Still holds its foremost place."—*Troy Times.*

"Continually increases in value."—*Every Evening, Wilmington, Del.*

"It furnishes a complete compilation of an indispensable literature."—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

"Recent numbers show the wide range of thought and careful discrimination of editorship which have no long distinguished it. . . For the amount of reading-matter contained the subscription is extremely low."—*Christian Advocate, Nashville.*

"It enables its readers to keep fully abreast of the best thought and literature of civilization."—*Christian Advocate, Pittsburgh.*

"In this weekly magazine the reader finds all that is worth knowing in the realm of current literature. . . as a weekly record of the literary and scientific progress of the age it is indispensable."—*Canada Presbyterian, Toronto.*

"Rarely, indeed, will the seeker of what is most noteworthy in periodical literature be disappointed if he turns to THE LIVING AGE. . . Coming once a week, it gives, while yet fresh, the productions of the foremost writers of the day. . . It is a reflection, as its name implies, of the best life and thought of the age, and as such is indispensable to all who would keep abreast of our manifold progress. . . It is absolutely without a rival."—*Montreal Gazette.*

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

## Extracts from Notices.

### *The Churchman, New York, says:—*

"This magazine is so well known that it hardly needs at this late day any extended commendation. Each number is in itself a photograph, so to speak, of contemporary foreign literature, all the best articles from the foreign magazines and reviews being republished. Any library possessing a full set of *THE LIVING AGE* has on its shelves a perfect reproduction of the best English thought for the past forty years and more."

### *The Congregationalist, Boston, says:—*

"A wise judgment is displayed in the selection of its contents, which are varied and entertaining while also solid and permanently useful. Among all its rivals it pursues its way tranquilly and successfully. We do not know where to look for its equal in its own line."

### *The Presbyterian Banner, Pittsburgh, says:—*

"Its immense proportions—four large volumes every year—do not constitute its chief merit: for were these volumes trash, the more there were the worse it would be. But the contents of *THE LIVING AGE* are culled with rare taste and excellent judgment from the vast and rich field of European periodical literature. It is thus, for readers of limited leisure or purse, the most convenient and available means of possessing themselves of the very best results of current criticism, philosophy, science, and literature. Nor is the selection of its articles one-sided, but with impartial justice the various phases of modern thought are presented as set forth by their most distinguished exponents. The foremost writers of the time in every department are represented on its pages."

### *The Christian at Work, New York, says it is*

"The best of all the works of its kind. It represents in the fullest sense the high-water mark of the best literature of the times. It is the cream of all that is good. Embracing as it does the choicest literature of the magazines and reviews of the day, culled with a discrimination and judgment that is most remarkable, it is one of the most interesting and valuable publications of the times. It is a complete library in itself. We cannot note a single point where improvement could be made; and yet it does seem to grow better, richer, and more valuable with every issue. With this publication alone, a man ought to be able to keep well abreast of the literary current of the times."

### *The New-York Observer says:—*

"It would be difficult to select a choicer library than that which is found in the volumes of *THE LIVING AGE*."

### *The Christian Intelligencer, New York, says:—*

"It is indispensable to busy men and women who wish to know the course and achievements of the literature of Great Britain."

### *Zion's Herald, Boston, says:—*

"It becomes more and more necessary, as well as valuable, as the field of periodical literature broadens. It has no peer."

### *The Watchman, Boston, says:—*

"We can only repeat what we have already said, that *THE LIVING AGE* leads all other publications of its kind, not only in years, but in merit. Biography, fiction, science, criticism, history, poetry, travels, whatever men are interested in, all are found here; and it is truly a panoramic exhibition of the Living Age. It furnishes more for the money it costs than any other periodical within our knowledge."

### *The Southern Churchman, Richmond, says:—*

"If we could get but one magazine, we would get this."

### *The Christian Advocate, New York, says:—*

"It deserves its age, and the affection which it has earned."

### *The Observer, St. Louis, Mo., says:—*

"It is certainly the most valuable weekly published."

### *The Living Church, Chicago, says:—*

"It is simply invaluable, bringing to us as it does, week by week, the very cream of all the current literature of the day."

### *The New-York Tribune says:—*

"Its pages teem with the choicest literature of the day, selected with wide knowledge and admirable tact, and furnishing a complete introduction to the best thoughts of the best writers whose impress is deeply stamped upon the characteristics of the age. No reader who makes himself familiar with its contents can lack the means of a sound literary culture."

### *The Times, Philadelphia, says:—*

"In no other form can so much thoroughly good reading be got for so little money; in no other form can so much instruction and entertainment be got in so small a space."

### *The Philadelphia Inquirer says:—*

"When one is confined to the choice of but one magazine out of the brilliant array which the demands of the time have called into existence, it is indeed an injustice to one's self not to make selection of *Littell's Living Age*, wherein is condensed what is most valuable of the best of them."

### *The North American, Philadelphia, says:—*

"It affords the best, the cheapest, and most convenient means of keeping abreast with the progress of thought in all its phases."

### *Every Evening, Wilmington, Del., says:—*

"Each number of *THE LIVING AGE* proves how truly the thought of the age finds its keenest expression and latest development in periodicals. Not to keep up with them is to be outside the intellectual world."

### *The Courier, Lowell, Mass., says:—*

"If one wishes to keep abreast of the intellectual march of mankind, he not only should, but must, read regularly *THE LIVING AGE*."

### *The Richmond Whig says:—*

"If a man were to read *THE LIVING AGE* regularly, and read nothing else, he would be well informed on all prominent subjects in the general field of human knowledge."

### *The Albany Argus says:—*

"It is edited with great skill and care, and its weekly appearance gives it certain advantages over its monthly rivals."

### *The Cincinnati Gazette says it is*

"As much in the forefront of eclectic publications as at its start forty years ago."

### *The Montreal Gazette says it is*

"Remarkably cheap for the quality and amount of reading furnished."

### *The Indianapolis Journal says it*

"Grows better as the years roll on."

### *The Boston Journal says:—*

"To turn over these richly laden pages is to expose one's self to a perpetual temptation to pause and read some suggestive or striking essay, sketch, or poem. Excellent discrimination is shown in the selections, — for in this, as in all editing, the crucial test is the knowing what not to print, and the result is that the reader of *THE LIVING AGE* has the best of the foreign literature wisely sifted and brought before him in a very convenient shape."

### *The Commonwealth, Boston, says:—*

"Whatever is not known and published by the editors of *THE LIVING AGE* is not worth knowing."

### *The Hawk-Eye, Burlington, Iowa, says:—*

"It has no rival. And if but one magazine can be read, this should certainly be the choice."

### *The Boston Traveller says:—*

"It absolutely seems a work of supererogation to say a word in praise of *THE LIVING AGE*; but it is really so good a thing in its way that we cannot withhold our word of commendation. We have been familiar with its pages for nearly fifty years; and though its earlier contents were variegated and most excellent, 'better is the end of this thing than the beginning.'"

### *The Commercial Advertiser, Detroit, says it is*

"The cheapest magazine for the amount of matter published in the United States."

### *The Courier-Journal, Louisville, says it is*

"The oldest and the best."

Published Weekly at \$8.00 a year, free of postage.

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford Street, Boston.

the  
able  
the  
ss is  
ge. .  
con-  
re."

good  
orm  
ot in

one  
de-  
It is  
tion  
what

con-  
ress

how  
eres-  
ot to  
tual

tual  
ust.

arly.  
t on  
man

cek-  
its

lons

t of

pose  
read  
sem.  
ons,  
the  
that  
the  
fore

edit-

n be

n to  
it is  
ith-  
fa-  
and  
most  
the

atter

on.